PAIN STOP!

iting your attention to the following
tement of facts, and asking that
Inform yourself as to the reliability
chiS company and its various remedies
shall Seek to convince You that you
not Expend your money for a
tter, safer And more certain line of
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t evils is abroad, doing its Level best to
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e improve the occasion by calling to your
ind the fact that

KILBOURNE'S

PAIN STOP

ures both internal and external pains—
and still it does not contain one single
grain of any opiate. So small is the dose,
however, that it stands unequaled in cheap-
ness, as unapproached in its peculiar and
certain effects—It is the hot drop without a
peer, and best of all pain cures, and without
a doubt the safest remedy of the kind
offered in any form.

PAIN STOP

is what its name indicates, and is sold for
25 and 50 cents. See that the round,
green and yellow seal of Auburn Drug and
Chemical Company is found upon every
package. No other is genuine.

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JA work that every Farmer, Business Man, Board of Select Men, Town Clerk, Justice of the Peace and Trial Justice in the State should have. Compiled in the simplest manner by Hiram Austin, Esq., of Boston, member of the Suffolk Bar. Second edition, 266 pages. A limited number of copies of this useful work for sale at the office of the *Maine Farmer*. Sent by mail postpaid to any address for TWO DOLLARS per copy. This work is highly recommended by the Press throughout the country. We take pleasure in recommending it to our subscribers, and to all others in need of such a work.

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Heebners' Patent Level-Tread Horse Power
WITH SPEED REGULATOR.
For 1, 2 and 3 Horses.

LITTLE GIANT Threshing Machine.
Saw Machines, Folder and Enstage Cutters, Feed Grinders, &c. These machines are kept in Portland, best in use. A stock of second hand machines always on hand. Send for illustrated catalogue. HEEBNER & SONS, Lansdale, Pa. 2253

Sheriff's Sale.
KENNEBEC SS.—Taken on execution, wherein Albert F. Heller of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, as Assignee in insolvency of the estate of Hosea B. Moulton, late of said county, deceased, having been duly appointed Assignee of said estate by the Judge of Probate within and for said county of Kennebec, and has undertaken that he will faithfully discharge the duties of Assignee as aforesaid by giving bond as the law directs: All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to ANN MARIA MACE.
July 23, 1890. 38

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July, 1890.*
G. F. TARBELL, Administrator, on the estate of AUGUSTA G. TARBELL, late of Winthrop, in said county, having presented his second account of administration of said estate for allowance, such
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 38

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PENNYROYAL PILLS.
RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.
Safe, sure and always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. Send 4c. (stps) for particulars, mail, "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. Name paper. Chichester Chem. Co. Philadelphia, Pa. 2 P. O.

U. S. GOLD Cough Cure
Absolutely the BEST for Colds, Bronchitis and Consumption. At druggists or by express, 25c., 50c., $1. Tarrant's Drug Store, opp. P. O.

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Within two doors of the Bridge.
TERMS: $2 Per Annum, in Advance.
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For one inch space, $2.50 for three insertions, and seventy-two cents for each subsequent insertion. Special Notices, $1.50 per inch for each insertion. All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.
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# Maine Farmer.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LVIII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1890. No. 40.


### Fairs to Occur.

Androscoggin County Agricultural Society—At Livermore Falls, Aug. 26th, 27th, 28th.
Aroostook County Agricultural Society—At Houlton, September 24, 25.
Alewive Grange—Kennebunk, Sept. 17th.
Cumberland County Agricultural Society—At Gorham, Sept. 2d, 3d and 4th.
Eastern Maine State Fair—At Bangor, Sept. 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th.
East Eddington Farmers' Club—At East Eddington, Sept. 24th and 25th.
East Somerset Agricultural Society—At Hartland, Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th.
Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Franklin Park, Farmington, Sept. 30th, Oct. 1st and 2d.
Gray Fair Association—At Gray Corner, Aug. 26, 27 and 28.
Kennebec County Agricultural Society—At Readfield, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th.
Kennebec Valley Farmers and Stock Breeders' Association—At Morrill's Corner, W. Gardiner, Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th.
Lincoln Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Damariscotta, Sept. 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th.
Maine State Fair—At Lewiston, Sept. 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th.
North Washington Agricultural Society—At Lakeside Park, Princeton, Sept. 30th, and Oct. 1st and 2d.
North Aroostook Agricultural Society—At Presque Isle, Sept. 16, 17 and 18.
Oxford County Agricultural Society—At the grounds between South Paris and Norway, Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th.
Oxford Valley Union Agricultural Society—At Corinth, Sept. 4th 5th and 6th.
Orrington Agricultural Society—At Town Hall, Orrington, Sept. 30th, Oct. 1st and 2d.
South Kennebec Agricultural Society—At South Windsor, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st and 2d.
Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct 14th, 15th and 16th.
Somerset Central—Skowhegan, Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th.
Scarboro and Cape Elizabeth Farmers' Association—Pleasant Hill, Scarboro, Sept. 16th and 17th.
West Washington Agricultural Society—At Belfast, Sept. 17th and 18th.
Waldo County Agricultural Society—At Cherryfield, Sept. 23d and 24th.
Central Penobscot Agricultural Society—At Exeter, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st and 2d.
West Oxford Agricultural Society—At Fryeburg, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th.
Waldo and Penobscot Agricultural Society—Monroe, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th.
York County Agricultural Society—At Saco, Sept. 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th.

Boston has already commenced the shipment of apples abroad.

The peach crop of New Jersey and Delaware is almost a complete failure.

The hay crop in New York is reported much above an average, and secured in the best of condition.

Good pigs, fattened ready for market, will shrink 90 to 22 per cent. from live weight, in dressing.

The hay is in the barn, a big crop, and first class in quality. The next thing is to get some money out of it. How is this to be done?

The late jump on the price of corn was an unlooked for surprise, and so far as we can learn, the dealers in this State had no large quantity bought ahead on which to reap an advantage from the rise.

The great cattle exporter, Mr. Hathaway, says the western cattle are no higher, and not likely to be. He don't see any reason why cattle should advance, and the demand will be such as to hold prices steady.

The difference between the director of an experiment station and a farmer is, that the one makes observation, and conclusions therefrom, his business, while with the other, production is the object, and reasoning from results is a secondary matter.

A large pile of nice hay is a good thing to have on hand, so farmers should see to it that the present abundance is not wasted, nor disposed of for a trifle. Good hay will keep, and the time is not far ahead when there will be a shortage.

*"The greatest need of the hour for the dairyman, is good flavored butter and cheese that will keep,"* says Hon. H. K. Slayton, a noted dealer in the products, of Manchester, N. H. How does that comport with the oft heard expression, "we do not want to make butter to keep?" The fact is, much butter must be kept in order to balance supply and demand.

As an endorsement of what we believe, and what the *Farmer* has all along been advocating in regard to the importance of exercise to breeding stock, Mr. T. D. Curtis says, "that while the non-exercise theory imposed on the cow may help a little towards filling the pail, it puts her on the road to disease and death, with unwholesome milk dealt out all the way along."

We call attention to the valuable article in another column, on the comparative value of the milk from cows of different breeds. This is where the experiment stations are proving their great value to practical farmers. The farmers want the facts, and it is the work of the stations to bring them out and republish them. If it costs less to make a can of milk from Holstein cows than from other breeds, we ought to know it; and if a pound of butter costs less from the Jerseys than from the Holsteins, we want to know that as well. In this case the information comes from unbiased authorities—it is a record rather than a statement.

A paragraph has been floating the rounds of the papers, from Labor Commissioner Mathews' returns, giving highly complimentary figures of the income from several Aroostook farms. No one appreciates the advantages of the "garden county of the State" more than ourselves, and no one is more gratified over the prosperity of its farmers. But because Commissioner Mathews has not given to the public the figures of farm enterprise in other sections, it should not by any means be concluded there are no creditable results outside the county. We happen to know of a farm in Androscoggin, of two hundred acres, that gave its owner an income of something over three thousand dollars, and not from the sale of an exhaustive potato crop, but chiefly from a stock husbandry that has left the soil in shape for still better results another time. Another of fifty acres has reached two thousand dollars, largely from the sale of fruit; and still another, of one hundred and seventy-five acres, that from fruit and the dairy, returned its owner three thousand dollars. On the fruit and dairy farms of Kennebec, the above figures have been duplicated, and on special fruit farms, still better ones made. Franklin and Oxford can also show equally creditable incomes from their noted fruit lands. These figures are good enough to show that such farms ought to have their value appreciated by others than the tax assessors.

### Butter and the Butter Markets.

The predictions of the *Farmer* in the early part of the season that the make of butter through the summer months would prove short, is already being verified. The best judges now claim that the production so far this year has been less than a year ago, and that there is less in cold storage than last year. It is still only midsummer, and connected with the above fact is still another of importance in connection with the butter supply, which is, that over a wide extent of the dairy country there is severe drouth prevailing, which must go far in still further reducing the supply. If, then, extensive droughts continue, there can be no question but greatly improved prices will prevail for all that will be put on the market of a first class quality during the fall and early winter trade. Already prices have advanced in the large markets to a good figure, and bid fair to be well sustained and gradually go still higher. Every dairyman, therefore, should see to it now that his milk supply is kept well up, in order to take advantage of the better prices coming, and by all means be sure the quality is kept way up.

Butter factories must not "go to seed" in their practices and in their requirements. It is the first quality of product that holds the market, and the standard of quality is all the time on the advance, and consumers are each year growing more exacting. While so much intelligence is now applied to the business it can't be otherwise than that the practice is gradually going on to better things. Every factory must apply an equal intelligence or it will get left, and its market be gradually stolen away by the better product sure to be there. The effort for improvement should at all times be kept active. It will never do to grow indifferent to the exacting requirements of the business.

### The Fairs.

The annual cattle show and fair season will open this year with the Androscoggin county show, to be held at Livermore Falls, August 26-8. These autumn exhibitions have multiplied to such an extent that it seems the summer has to be trespassed upon in order to get them all in. This, however, is better than to have two nearby exhibitions running at the same time.

The Eastern Maine Fair follows, at Bangor, the next week, opening Sept. 2, and continuing four days. The equipments for this exhibition are first class in every respect, and eastern Maine has fully proved, in the years this fair has been held, its ability to make up a full and attractive show, and give it a large attendance.

The New England Fair, to be held at Worcester, Mass., occurs the same time as the Eastern Maine. This is an unfortunate collision, but since time is limited, and exhibitions are numerous, some of the dates must clash. The New England Fair has always drawn many exhibitors, as well as visitors, from this State. The management of the exhibition is in the hands of the officers of the Worcester County Agricultural Society, who are men of experience in their places, and they are making every possible effort for its success. In consideration of the location, and the management, it is safe to predict that this twenty-seventh exhibition will be a marked success in every respect.

As usual, the *Farmer* will be represented at these and all the principal fairs for the season, and will aim to give a comprehensive review of such features as are deemed of interest to its many readers.

### Florence of Guernsey 440.

Florence of Guernsey, 440, subject of illustration in this issue of the *Farmer*, is the property of Messrs. C. W. & J. B. Bowker of Worcester, who are the owners of Beryl Hill Farm, Royalston, Mass.

Florence of Guernsey was dropped in April, 1874, and is now 16 years old, but is yet hale and hearty. She was imported in 1877 by Ex-Gov. J. Gregory Smith, of St. Albans, Vt., a noted and successful breeder of Guernseys. She was selected for him as the best Guernsey female of any age at that time on the island.

As a butter cow she has made a fine record; Gov. Smith vouching for the fact that her milk, mixed with 20 of his best Jerseys, showed a marked difference in the color of the butter.

In the showing, Florence of Guernsey and her progeny have won for themselves many and notable prizes. At the N. E. Fair of 1887, in a class of seven, she won the second prize in the butter contest, when she made within one ounce of the amount of butter made by the first prize cow. She was also in the second prize butter herd at the N. E. Fairs of 1888 and 1889.

Since she was imported, Florence of Guernsey has dropped but one male calf, and all her descendants, with but one exception, are now included in the Beryl Hill Farm herd. The exception in Florence of Guernsey 4, and is owned by ex-Gov. Smith, who, on the sale of his herd to the Messrs. Bowker, persisted in retaining one of the family on his farm.

Florence of Guernsey possesses marked characteristics of form, expression, and color, and all these traits she has transmitted to her progeny to so startling an extent, that they may easily be recognized from others in the herd.

The illustration of this famous cow is an exact re-production from a photograph without a single deviation, or the slightest attempt to change a solitary hair that it might better conform to the ideal. Fidelity to the original, was the object sought in the making of the plate.

### Another Holstein Butter Record.

The *Holstein-Friesian Register* publishes in its issue of July 15th, the butter record of the Holstein cow Parthenea 9592, H. H. B., owned by Mr. Stevens of Maplewood Stock Farm, Attics, N. Y. Parthenea gave 38 lbs., 8¼ ozs., of butter in seven days, being the highest Holstein yield on record. Commencing June 11, her production was as follows:

| June 1890. | Lbs. milk. | Lbs. butter. | Ozs. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 11, | 77 | 5 lbs., 3 ozs. | |
| 12, | 77 6 | 4 | 12½ |
| 13, | 79 7 | 5 | 13 |
| 14, | 79 3 | 5 | 11 |
| 15, | 81 5 | 5 | 8 |
| 16, | 81 2 | 5 | 13 |
| 17, | 78 9 | 5 | 14½ |
| Total, | 548 lbs., 3 ozs. | 38 lbs., 8¼ ozs. | |

Average number pounds of milk per day, 78 and 5 ozs.

Average number pounds butter per day, 5 and 8 1-14 ozs.

Average number pounds milk required for one pound of butter, 14 3-5.

Parthenea is six years old and dropped her last calf April 21, 1890, and on May 11 she began increasing her feed.

During the test she received on an average 27 lbs. of ground feed, consisting of oats, bran, linseed oil meal and corn. She was allowed to run in pasture during the days with other members of the herd, and kept in stall nights.

There is one thing in connection with the Holstein butter records that are appearing from time to time, that we would like to see confirmed. The above record of a pound of butter from 14.28 lbs. of milk on the average from a cow giving over 78 lbs. a day, if a fact, is a remarkable one. So far as public records show, chemical analysis has never found so extraordinary rich milk among this class of cattle. If Holstein cows are furnishing richer milk than any other breed, it ought to appear somewhere besides in an unauthenticated record of butter made. We are not alone in wanting to know the per cent. of fat, (and other solids,) in the milk which furnishes a pound of finished product from so small a quantity as in the case under consideration, and others which have been published by well known breeders. Is Holstein milk richer in butter than that from any other breed?

### Famous Jerseys.

Will you have the kindness to give, in the columns of the *Farmer*, the names and butter records of the famous Jerseys, from Eurotas down to the present time, and oblige a reader? Was Jersey Queen a registered cow? I have been informed that she was not.
C. W. TRASKMAN.

The *famous* Jerseys are not so numerous it would seem almost impossible to attempt to specify them. Every boy or girl knows the names of the famous horses, but the names of the famous cows, that one can hardly they are so plenty now that one can hardly enumerate them. The becoming very much the same with Jerseys. The American Jersey Cattle Club now publish a book on their tests. In this and the former volumes, one can find the names of all tested cows. The number of yearly records is still small, and this includes them:

| Flora 119, tested in 50 weeks in 1883-84..... | 511 | 2 |
|---|---|---|
| Fanny 1015, tested in one year in 1872..... | 574 | 8 |
| Jersey Belle of Scituate, tested in one year in 1877-78..... | 705 | |
| Eurotas 3474, tested in less than one year..... | 701 | |
| Jersey Queen of Barnet, tested in 1 year. | 867 | 14¾ |
| Mary Anne of St. Lambert, tested in 1 year. | 970 | 14¾ |
| Landseer's Fancy 3976..... | 945 | |
| Eurotas's Lassie, 1889-90..... | 1000 | |

This last, Eurotisama, now stands as the Queen of Jerseys, and much attention is being turned toward her. We of New England should well feel proud of her, as she is a New England bred Jersey, born and bred in Ipswich, Mass.

Perhaps a list of all Jerseys testing over 20 lbs. butter a week would include all the *famous* Jerseys, and I would give it if your readers wished it.

Jersey Queen of Barnet was registered in the American Jersey Herd Book, published at Worcester, Mass., but was not eligible in the American Jersey Cattle Club.

Col. A. B. Darling, owner of Eurotas, purchased her for $3000, but she was never recorded in the A. J. C. C. Herd Register.

Public attention has centered around the trio Jersey Belle of Scituate, Eurotas and Mary Anne of St. Lambert, more than on any other three Jersey cows, living or dead, and now Landseer's Fancy and Eurotisama bid fair to be added to that roll of honor.
GEO. BLANCHARD.

*Broadmoor Farm, Cumberland Ctr.*

The likes and dislikes of cows are almost as various as their color markings. The dainty feeder may, and generally will, prefer rich and concentrated food, while the voracious feeder is comparatively indifferent as to the quality, provided there is plenty of it. The feeder must study his cows, and cater to their individualities.—*Jersey Bulletin.*

### Skim Milk for Cows.

We have from time to time called the attention of dairymen to the practice of feeding the skim milk to milch cows, rather than to pigs as is now the general practice in this state. Prof. Stewart, author of "Feeding Animals" discusses the subject as follows in the *Country Gentleman*:

"Eds. Albany Cultivator: Heretofore I have kept hogs and fed my skimmed milk to them. Can I feed it to the cows, and will it pay as well or nearly? If it will pay nearly as well I would rather do it, as I do not want to keep hogs. Do any farmers do it? If I shall get any benefit from it, how should it be fed? Must it be sweet, or sour, or either? I have looked through all my back numbers, hoping to find something in relation to this, but find nothing."

*Mahopac Falls, N. Y.*

I. L. D. is assured that skimmed milk may properly be fed to cows as a part of their food for producing milk, and that its value is probably as great as when fed to calves or pigs. In some dairy districts it has at times been quite a common practice to feed the skimmed milk back to the cows. The best condition in which to feed skimmed milk to cows is sweet, or if not entirely sweet, it should be as little acid as possible.

One of the largest experiments in this line was tried by a Chautauqua county, N. Y., dairyman some years ago, with 200 cows, and after a thorough test made a favorable report of a dairymen's association. But many cows will recoil at the idea of feeding milk, is not difficult; for the dainty cow unused to skim-milk, when bran or middlings is moistened with it, will eat the bran, and so getting the taste of the milk, learn to like and take to it with a good appetite. As a skim-milk ration is largely a matter of water, it is customary to mix a little wheat bran with it. The writer has several times, when not having calves to consume the milk, fed it to his herd of about twenty-five cows, and always with satisfactory results.

If we examine skim-milk chemically, we find the following composition:

Nutritive ratio, 1:1.9. Value, at least 30 cents per 100 pounds. If we suppose that each cow is fed 25 pounds skim-milk per day, this would give, albuminoids, 0.87 pounds; carbohydrates, 1.15; fat, 0.08. This would be as much albuminoids as is contained in 11 pounds of the best clover hay, or 7 pounds of the best bran, or 3 pounds of the best linseed meal, so that it would be very much to balance poor fodder. The large percentage of water in skim-milk may take the place of so much other water.
E. W. STEWART.

## Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

### Holstein Milk.

*Editor Maine Farmer:* In the *Holstein-Freisian Register* of March 15th, 1890, Mr. Webster of Groveville, Mich., wished to return to Shakers a dry Holstein bull, "because the State Board of Agriculture held a meeting at Sanford, Me., last week, and at that meeting the Holsteins were fourth and Holsteins were fourth and Colleges, Jerseys first in butter tests." Later, in the *Register* of July 1st, Mr. Webster says, "That unfortunate statement of the action of the State College, greatly interferes with the sale of Holsteins in Maine." My attention has lately been called to these letters of Mr. Webster's, and it is due to myself, and to the State Board of Agriculture, to correct the false impressions which seem to have been obtained at the Sanford meeting.

*Mahopac Falls, N. Y.*

I remember correctly, there was no public discussion of the dairy-feed question, but I distinctly recollect having a private conversation with a representative of the Shakers, who seemed greatly interested in the relative merits of Holsteins and Jerseys as dairy animals. It is difficult, attention as dairy animals. It is difficult, uttered in a private conversation, but, nevertheless, I have no distinct recollection contained in a flat denial of Mr. Webster's first letter. I could not have said such a thing, because we have only tested three breeds of animals, and the Holsteins could do no more than stand third and third.

What I probably did say was, that the Holsteins are giving the poorest quality of milk of any animals at the State College, and that they undoubtedly represent a poorer quality of milk than any prominent breed of animals now in the United States. With such an assertion as this, I think our Holstein-Friesian friends will not quarrel, as it is backed up by facts which no one present seems to dispute. I think I made it clear to the company good transporting facility for receiving and sending out its feeding room. We stood and witnessed the coming in of a big freighter, just arrived from the West, and containing some forty or fifty double-decked cars, loaded with the fullest capacity of cattle, hogs, and drawn by two powerful locomotives. One day, an enormous train of seventy-five cars of western cattle passed this slaughter-house, the engines wheezing and puffing, the tired-out giants, and bound creatures on board, and waiting for the next for some place of death, at least, for the poor, innocent, tired and hungry loads of creatures on board, and waiting for the next time, would appear as beef on the tables of England, and perhaps old England, the Holsteins, as compared with the Jerseys. If we are looking for a special purpose cow we must consider the kind of product as well as the amount and cost, and while the Holstein may prove to be a formidable rival of the Jersey as a source of food, or even excel her, she will have a greater difficulty in proving her superiority as a fat producing machine. Granting that the Jersey will manufacture no more solids, and at no less expense than the Holstein, the Jersey solids are mixed differently; from her cows, and while the average of the Jersey solids contain about thirty-five pounds of fat, whereas, a hundred pounds of Holstein milk solids contain more than twenty-eight pounds of fat. It is simply this, the Jersey devotes a larger amount of raw material to the production of butter fat than is the case with the Holstein.

4. Another consideration which perhaps is not entirely germane to the purpose of this article, but which is important, is the relative value of cream from the different breeds of cows. I have had the results which have been obtained during the past two years foreshadow this general conclusion, namely: Cream obtained by the gravity or cold setting process, has a better value somewhat in proportion to the butter value of the milk from which it comes; in other words, cream from poor milk is worth less per inch than cream from rich milk. This would be as much albuminoids as is contained in 11 pounds of the best clover hay, or 7 pounds of the best bran, or 3 pounds of the best linseed meal, so that it would be very much to balance poor fodder. The large percentage of water in skim-milk may take the place of so much other water.
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We may now step in while they are killing, and see the process of pork-packing done. First, we must step into the office of the clerk, and get a "pass," which will admit us from being mobbed on entering the work by the overseers, as they are very suspicious at present of all strangers, because of the strike which exists on the other side of the railroad yards, in the help of John T. Swift, Squire & Co.'s pork-packing factory, which has been in progress some two months. After receiving our "pass," we go directly up stairs to the upper floor, where the killing of pork-packing business has a butcher's value somewhat in proportion to the butter value of the milk from which it comes; in other words, cream from poor milk is worth less per inch than cream from rich milk. This would be as much albuminoids as is contained in 11 pounds of the best clover hay, or 7 pounds of the best bran, or 3 pounds of the best linseed meal, so that it would be very much to balance poor fodder. The large percentage of water in skim-milk may take the place of so much other water.
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*Editor Maine Farmer:* In the *Holstein-Freisian Register* of March 15th, 1890, Mr. Webster of Groveville, Mich., wished to return to Shakers a dry Holstein bull, "because the State Board of Agriculture held a meeting at Sanford, Me., last week, and at that meeting the Holsteins were fourth and Colleges, Jerseys first in butter tests." Later, in the *Register* of July 1st, Mr. Webster says, "That unfortunate statement of the action of the State College, greatly interferes with the sale of Holsteins in Maine." My attention has lately been called to these letters of Mr. Webster's, and it is due to myself, and to the State Board of Agriculture, to correct the false impressions which seem to have been obtained at the Sanford meeting.

*Mahopac Falls, N. Y.*

I. L. D. is assured that skimmed milk may properly be fed to cows as a part of their food for producing milk, and that its value is probably as great as when fed to calves or pigs. In some dairy districts it has at times been quite a common practice to feed the skimmed milk back to the cows. The best condition in which to feed skimmed milk to cows is sweet, or if not entirely sweet, it should be as little acid as possible.

One of the largest experiments in this line was tried by a Chautauqua county, N. Y., dairyman some years ago, with 200 cows, and after a thorough test made a favorable report of a dairymen's association. But many cows will recoil at the idea of feeding milk, is not difficult; for the dainty cow unused to skim-milk, when bran or middlings is moistened with it, will eat the bran, and so getting the taste of the milk, learn to like and take to it with a good appetite. As a skim-milk ration is largely a matter of water, it is customary to mix a little wheat bran with it. The writer has several times, when not having calves to consume the milk, fed it to his herd of about twenty-five cows, and always with satisfactory results.

If we examine skim-milk chemically, we find the following composition:

Nutritive ratio, 1:1.9. Value, at least 30 cents per 100 pounds. If we suppose that each cow is fed 25 pounds skim-milk per day, this would give, albuminoids, 0.87 pounds; carbohydrates, 1.15; fat, 0.08. This would be as much albuminoids as is contained in 11 pounds of the best clover hay, or 7 pounds of the best bran, or 3 pounds of the best linseed meal, so that it would be very much to balance poor fodder. The large percentage of water in skim-milk may take the place of so much other water.
E. W. STEWART.

## Communications.

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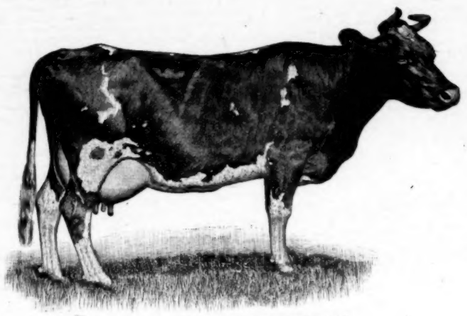

FLORENCE OF GUERNSEY 440.
Owned by C. W. & J. B. BOWKER, Worcester, Mass.

### Some Facts about Pork-Packing.

Thinking that some of the readers of the *Maine Farmer* would like to know something about the way hogs are handled after they are shipped to our large slaughter-houses, to be converted into pork, we write, after having paid a visit to one of these, in our own locality, the little give, in our own locality, the little that we learned during the time we were there.

Our call is made at Charles H. North & Co.'s pork and beef packing establishment, situated in the city of Somerville, Mass., about two and one-half miles from Boston. But first, let us take a look at the surroundings of the establishment which we are about to visit. It is situated very near the Somerville and Cambridge line, just west of the Fitchburg Railroad, in the close proximity to it; this gives the company good transporting facility for receiving and sending out its feeding room. We stood and witnessed the coming in of a big freighter, just arrived from the West, and containing some forty or fifty double-decked cars, loaded with the fullest capacity of cattle, hogs, and drawn by two powerful locomotives. One day, an enormous train of seventy-five cars of western cattle passed this slaughter-house, the engines wheezing and puffing, the tired-out giants, and bound creatures on board, and waiting for the next time, would appear as beef on the tables of England, and perhaps old England, the Holsteins, as compared with the Jerseys. If we are looking for a special purpose cow we must consider the kind of product as well as the amount and cost, and while the Holstein may prove to be a formidable rival of the Jersey as a source of food, or even excel her, she will have a greater difficulty in proving her superiority as a fat producing machine. Granting that the Jersey will manufacture no more solids, and at no less expense than the Holstein, the Jersey solids are mixed differently; from her cows, and while the average of the Jersey solids contain about thirty-five pounds of fat, whereas, a hundred pounds of Holstein milk solids contain more than twenty-eight pounds of fat. It is simply this, the Jersey devotes a larger amount of raw material to the production of butter fat than is the case with the Holstein.

4. Another consideration which perhaps is not entirely germane to the purpose of this article, but which is important, is the relative value of cream from the different breeds of cows. I have had the results which have been obtained during the past two years foreshadow this general conclusion, namely: Cream obtained by the gravity or cold setting process, has a butter value somewhat in proportion to the butter value of the milk from which it comes; in other words, cream from poor milk is worth less per inch than cream from rich milk. This would be as much albuminoids as is contained in 11 pounds of the best clover hay, or 7 pounds of the best bran, or 3 pounds of the best linseed meal, so that it would be very much to balance poor fodder. The large percentage of water in skim-milk may take the place of so much other water.
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We shall soon see that all parts of the hog are utilized, and right here on the first floor (it is the last floor at the top, but we call it the first because the work first begins here), the killing, in the killing room, where all the animal, consisting of the feet, intestines, blood, bones of the legs, head, etc., is ground, composted and dried, after which it is put up in coarse sacks, as a crude fertilizer, then shipped to a fertilizer manufactory, and there worked up and enhanced in value. It receives the final inspection which make it fit for the sold. The flesh of the head and legs is converted into sausage meat, and the small intestines are used to hold this meat after first being packed into wooden crates, ready for shipment. In the east wing, on this same floor, the men are busy at work manufacturing sausage and washing bloody pork. We will now pass down one flight of stairs to the middle floor, and see what is going on there. At the north end of this floor, and separated from the rest by a partition, is the scalding and dressing room. Here the work is both lively, filthy, and seemingly unhealthy. The steam coming from the scalding tanks, and the strong hoggy vapor coming from the freshly opened bodies, together with the surrounding close, hot air, makes it, to one unaccustomed, very disagreeable for a time. It is a pleasure to stop in this room, so we turn on our heels, and enter the cooling room just opposite; here the hogs, all dressed and washed, are hung up in long rows to cool, and they look as clean as any well dressed farmers dress back in Maine. The cooling process is hastened by the use of ice, so that a few hours suffice, and the hog is ready to be cut into pork. Going from this room into another of his hearers, we find the men more than dressed, and some lots we get will go more than that." We thought this pretty good a average for western raised pork, both and coarse grained.

But now for the killing. The tender, or the man who passes the animals up to the butcher, gets into the pen where the hogs are, and runs across it on their backs, just as a milliman does his pond of logs, and apparently as easily; each hog he steps on throws up his head with an angry snort, and shows his hogship's indignation at the impolite intrusion. Without thinking of the consequences in case he should fall amongst the savage herd in the pen, the other side of the pen by the little gangway, and then gives it lets one out. The butcher stands about midway between this and the sluice through which the animals pass, on their way to the scalding tanks, on the floor below. The tender immediately slips the rope from the gang-way up by one hind leg, by means of a hook and chain attached to a tackle, then giving him a swing forward, toward the butcher, he slips the chain from the tackle onto a hook attached to a trolley, which runs on an iron track; this carries the hog, by the momentum of his own weight, down to the butcher, who, with steady aim, plunges his keen bladed knife into the animal's throat, after which he passes on down the track, where the hog is caught by a yoke-like affair, and run back by a yoke engine into a large enclosure, and unloaded from the cars into sheds, which are divided into pens, each pen holding about one car load. From here the hogs, when wanted for killing, are run up to the third and last floor of the factory, and placed in a large pen, about a car load at a time, to await their final reception at the point of the butcher's knife. The first reader will here notice the fact: That live hogs go in one door one of the doors of the basement as barrels of dressed pork.

We may now step in while they are killing, and see the process of pork-packing done. First, we must step into the office of the clerk, and get a "pass," which will admit us from being mobbed by the overseers, as they are very suspicious at present of all strangers, because of the strike which exists on the other side of the railroad yards, in the help of John T. Swift, Squire & Co.'s pork-packing factory, which has been in progress some two months. After receiving our "pass," we go directly up stairs to the upper floor, where the killing of pork-packing business has a butcher's value somewhat in proportion to the butter value of the milk from which it comes; in other words, cream from poor milk is wor

# Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Aug. 14, 1890.

THE MAINE FARMER

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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### Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receipt for moneys and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. C. S. FLYNN is now calling upon our subscribers in East Kennebec county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Washington county.

The present term at the State College, Orono, opens with a full attendance, and a prosperous term is assured.

Some of the papers are resurrecting the cut used for Henry M. Stanley, to represent the murderer Kemmel. That is a capital offence.

Mr. J. P. Randall of Vassalboro, informs us that hog's lard is a sure cure for shoe boil. Apply it every day and rub it in until the boil disappears.

Reports to the State Board of Agriculture of Kansas, from 500 correspondents, indicate that the growing crops in every portion of the State have been seriously injured owing to the severe drouth and intense heat.

In answer to an iquiry of a correspondent, we would state that members of the Executive Council are elected by the legislature; and as there is no provision for filling a vacancy, that caused by the death of Councillor Hatch of Bangor, must remain until the meeting of the next legislature.

The new volume of Agriculture of Maine, 1889-90, is now bound and is being sent out from the office of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture to the several agricultural societies in the State. Half of the edition is reserved by law for the use of the legislature.

The census will not only tell us how many sheep were killed by dogs within the past year, but will tell us how many dogs it took to do it. Leaving out the dogs harbored in cities, it will, without doubt, be shown that there are more dogs than sheep on the farms of the United States. Sheep pay, dogs don't. It was a rule of Ricardo that to be successful in business, we must "cut off losses and let profits run on."

Thomas Daggett, Foxcroft, the President of the State Board of Agriculture, grew several acres of corn last year and put it down in a silo. He was so well pleased with his experience, that this year he has eight acres in corn, all growing nicely. Mr. Daggett has a fine farm and is setting Piscataquis farmers a good example. The valley of the Piscataquis river is as fine a section for corn as there is in the State.

In Boston, during Monday, Ex-Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, was at the Vendome, where he was one of the most distinguished guests, and had no end of callers, being a great favorite among the Grand Army boys. Although an octogenarian, his old-time vigor and fire is by no means lost, and he takes the hand of a comrade with a pleasant smile and cordial greeting.

We regret to learn that our well known and popular correspondent, Mr. J. W. Lang of Bowdoinham, has been in ill health for some time. He has not been able to do any work since the first of last May, but is now able to walk out slowly on fair days, and to ride some. The members of the various organizations to which Mr. Lang belongs, as well as his multitude of friends every where, will wish Bro. Lang a speedy recovery, and a quick return to the active duties of life.

A Western gentleman, who has recently been on a tour through Aroostook, is very enthusiastic over the prospects of the county. He finds that there is more hay being cut there than for many years, and the good weather has made it possible to be secured in the finest condition. All the crops are very forward and the farmers expect to make money this year. The potato crop is much better than was first expected it would be, and the grain is in a very flourishing condition.

Although there are statements to the contrary, the fact is that during the past week ice has steadily crept up in price in New York, Baltimore, Washington and other places. In New York it jumped up to $12 a ton, by the wholesale, and by retail much higher. Speculators and brokers are of course doing a thriving business, and while Maine is one of the chief sources of reliance, it looks as though before the season closes, as if all the ice houses would be emptied, ready for the crystal harvest of next winter.

The executive committee of the State Farmers' League held a business meeting at Auburn, on Saturday last, and took measures to push the work of organization in different sections of the State. Deputy organizers were appointed as follows:

J. D. Teague, Esq., Caribou, for North Aroostook.

J. N. Holland, Hampden, for Penobscot.

Capt. H. O. Pierce, Monmouth, for Kennebec.

Mr. Spinney, Brunswick, for Cumberland.

J. H. Cobb, Poland, for Androscoggin.

Farmers are interesting themselves in the work in every direction.

Our friend, J. W. Clough, of Liberty, sends us specimens of apples in a remarkable state of preservation, accompanied by the following note:

*Mr. Editor:* I send you with this a package containing several apples for your inspection, trial, etc. One of these apples was raised in 1888, one in 1889 and the others in 1889. These apples raised in 1889, were picked and put into a barrel in 1889, without any extra care, and set in the cellar with many other apples, and have remained there till to-day. The quality of the apple is very good, you will find on trial, considering the time of the year. They were better six weeks ago. These apples make very nice pies and are excellent baked, and have been quite good eating apples for the past two months.

A man with a new plan of campaign has been swindling farmers in Kennebec County, this summer. He came round a few weeks ago, representing himself as the agent of a Farmers' Supply Company that proposed to sell to farmers at wholesale rates. As the goods were not to be paid for until received, many agreed to take them. On the appointed day a carload of flour, molasses, coffee and other goods ordered arrived. One barrel of flour stood open for inspection, and a better quality of that article it would be useless to desire. The buyers deemed no further examination necessary, but loaded up, paid their money and drove home. Alas! when they inspected their purchases they were not like the decoy barrel, but hardly fit to offer to the pigs. One man is said to be out $70 by the transaction. At East Winthrop quite a number of farmers were swindled in this way.

The "original package" triumph was exceedingly short-lived. Those who supposed that the nation would permit individuals to violate the reasonable and just laws of the State, are disappointed. The House of Representatives accepted the conference report by a vote of 130 to 93, passing the "original package" bill, just as it passed the Senate. Its provisions are applicable to liquors only, and gives each State the right to regulate or prohibit the importation and sale of liquors. The President promptly signed the bill, and it is now a law. This will put an end to a most troublesome question. The rumsellers who have been laughing in their sleeves at this opportunity to evade all State laws will not be so mirthful now. In license as well as prohibitory States the effect of the decision was the same, namely, to render the law practically inoperative. Under the terms of the bill now signed by the President, all liquor is made subject to State law, and the original package nuisance will disappear as rapidly as it sprung into existence. It served the purpose of the rumsellers for a brief period, but its day is over and the people will rejoice

THE FIRST LEGAL EXECUTION IN THIS COUNTRY BY ELECTRICITY. Those who thought that the introduction of electricity in the execution of criminals, would produce instant death on the first application, and do away with the ghastly scenes sometimes exhibited on the gallows, must give up that point when they read of the execution of Kemmler, in New York.

At 6.38 o'clock, Wednesday, of last week, Warden Durston, accompanied by Kemmler, Dr. W. E. Houghton and Chaplain Yates, entered the execution room. Kemmler was by far the coolest man in the party. He sat down composedly, and looked about him without any evidence of fear or special interest in the event. He looked if anything, as though he were rather pleased at being the centre of interest.

Warden Durston stood at the left of the chair and as Kemmler took his seat, said, "Now, gentlemen, this is William Kemmler. I have warned him that he has got to die, and if he has anything to say, he will say it."

As the warden finished, Kemmler looked up and said in a high keyed voice, without any hesitation and as though he had prepared himself with the speech. "Well, I wish everyone good luck in this world, and I think I am going to a good place and the papers have been saying a lot of stuff that is not so. That is all I have to say."

At the conclusion of this speech he removed his coat, calmly arranged his necktie and sat down in the electric chair as quietly as though sitting down to dinner. The straps were adjusted around his body, his arms were fastened down and his feet placed close to the legs of the chair. While this was being done Kemmler repeatedly cautioned the warden not to hurry and to be sure that everything was all right.

It was not through fear that Kemmler thus spoke, but rather through a certain pride in the exactness of the experiment. The head piece was clamped in place and the leather harness adjusted to the head and face.

During this time, Kemmler maintained the same unruffled demeanor and talked calmly to the warden about the adjustment of the various parts of the electrical chair. The door leading into the room where the switches were arranged, was partly open and a man was standing in the doorway. Beyond him were two other men. Which of these was to touch the lever and make the connection with the chair was not known, and Warden Durston says never will be known.

Everything was now in readiness, and at a signal from the warden, at 6.43½, the electric current was turned on. There was a sudden convulsion of the form in the chair; a spasm went over it from head to foot. The body was confined by the straps and springs that held it firmly so that no limb or other portion of the body stirred more than a small fraction of an inch from its resting place. The twitching that the muscles of the face underwent, gave it for a moment an expression of pain, but no cry escaped from the lips, which were free to move at will, and no sound came forth to suggest that consciousness lasted more than an infinitesimal fraction of a second, beyond the calculation of the human mind.

The body remained in this rigid position for seventeen seconds. There was no movement of the body beyond the first convulsion. At the expiration of ten seconds the current was switched off. There was a slight relaxation of the body in the chair, but the straps held it so firmly that there was not a quarter of an inch variation in the position of any part of the frame. There was no question in the mind of any present that the form before them was lifeless.

Preparations for the post-mortem were being discussed, when Dr. Bach suddenly noticed a red spot on the hand resting on the right arm of the chair, and from which blood was dropping. Instantly the order was given to again turn on the current. The dynamo was almost at a standstill, and although the engineer quickly responded to the command, it was not quick enough to anticipate signs of what may or may not have been reviving consciousness.

As the group of horror stricken witnesses stood helplessly by, all eyes fixed on the chair, Kemmler's lips began to drip saliva, and in a moment more his chest moved, and from his mouth came a heavy sound, quickening and increasing with every respiration. The wheezing sound, half groan, which forced itself past the tightly closed lips, sounded through the still chamber with ghastly distinctness. Some of the witnesses had to turn away from the sight, and one of them lay down faint and sick. In seventy-two seconds after the order for the second current, the response came and the sound that had horrified the listeners about the chair was cut off sharply as the body once more became rigid. The dynamo was run up to its highest speed and again and again the full current of 2,000 volts was sent through the body in the chair.

As the anxious group stood silently by, it was seen that the body was burning and a pungent and sickening odor permeated the atmosphere. The current was again shut off and there was a relaxation of the body. Kemmler was dead.

Dr. Fell turned and said, "Well, there is no doubt of one thing, that man never suffered an iota of pain." On after consultation the other physicians expressed the same belief, but they disagreed on one important point. Was Kemmler dead when his chest moved and his lips gave forth those ghastly sounds? Was he breathing, or was there an involuntary and phenomenal action of the chest muscles? There is no way in which a positive determination of this question can be made. It will always remain a mystery.

Dr. Spitzka says the scientific uncertainty of the new execution law, leads him to believe this method will not be adopted in other States, and that this will be the first and last electrical execution.

Dr. Shrady said: The execution was brutal, worse than hanging. It probably was not painful, but the failure to kill at the first application was barbarous.

Expert Huntley said, no one can depict in words, the apparent horrible suffering of the man, in the interval between the first and second applications of the electric current. Hanging must be considered merciful in comparison.

This law was inaugurated in response to a sentiment, that professed abhorrence of the gallows, and in the belief that electricity could rid the execution of many of its horrors. That belief has not been justified by the facts. Execution by electricity has certainly not justified itself, and it is hardly to be believed that another executiop by this process will be allowed in this country. The prevailing opinion, among all those whom reporters interviewed on the subject, was that the uncertainty of electricity's action, as a death-dealing agent, was more conclusively proven than ever.

We have a cow four years old, that was taken home one week ago; seems to be lame all through her limbs; cannot get up alone, and walks with difficulty. You can hear the bones grit in her hips when she steps. She has a good appetite; gave a pail of milk, and was to all appearances well the night before; when found lying in the yard in the morning, had to be lifted up. What is the matter with her, and can you tell us what to do for her? What will cure warts on a cow's teats? We have a heifer that has a great many small warts on her teats.

M. G. J.

*Alexander, Aug. 7.*

It is not always easy to determine with certainty, the difficulty with an animal, when permitted an examination, and much more so from any written description. We should say, however, this is a case of rheumatism. It may have been brought on suddenly by exposure, in which case with careful housing in dry, warm quarters, it will gradually disappear. But it may have been caused by a diseased condition of the blood, which would call for a course of treatment for cleansing the blood. This can be done chiefly through diet aided somewhat by occasional light doses of thoroughwort or sulphur.

For the removal of warts on a cow's teats, make daily application of some soft oil.

A LAW THAT CANNOT BE KEPT. This is the way the leading New York papers conformed to the law forbidding the publication of the details of an electrocution: The *World* published 18 columns; the *Sun* 11; the *Herald* 11; the *Times* 8; the *Tribune* 5. At last accounts none of the editors had been arrested.

BOSTON ONE GRAND CAMP. This week the city of Boston is in peaceful possession of the Veterans composing the Grand Army of the Republic, the National Encampment being held there. The "hub" citizens prove very willing captives to "the boys in blue," and the entire city is transformed into a veritable camp, detachments of old soldiers having come from nearly every portion of the country, even from sunny Florida, the land of flowers. And be it remarked here, that Boston left nothing undone to entertain the men who twenty-five years ago laid aside the sword, the musket and the uniform of blue, after having saved the Union from threatened dissolution. The decorations in the city were simply wonderful, the place fairly blossoming in bunting. The whole extent of Washington street, for two miles, and other streets where the procession was to pass, were lined with it. Boston was never before half as profusely adorned with the national colors. All through Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the streets were filled with a mighty stream of humanity, that bumped and pushed and wrestled in its endeavor to go both ways at once. The event of Monday was of course the reception of the President of the United States.

As the Baltimore, flying the President's flag and bearing President Harrison, Secretaries Rusk and Noble, and Private Secretary Halford, entered Boston harbor Monday afternoon, she was met by the other vessels of the fleet, the cruiser Atlanta, corvette Kearsage, gunboats Petrel and Yorktown, dispatch boat Dolphin, dynamite cruiser Vesuvius, torpedo boat Cushing, all save the Kearsage and the Dolphin firing salutes. The revenue cutter Gallatin, with Governor Brackett, Collector Beard and Mr. and Mrs. McKee on board, escorted the Baltimore to her anchorage. Mayor Harr and other members of the city government went down the harbor in the J. Putnam steamer Welcome the Chief Magistrate, Mrs. Noble and other ladies were on board the Vigilant. President Harrison landed at about 5.40 P. M., amid the thunder of cannon, and was escorted to the Hotel Vendome by the First Battalion of Cavalry. The sidewalks and windows along the line of march, which was nearly two miles, were packed with an enthusiastic multitude, who greeted the President with hand-clapping and cheers. The President rode with Governor Brackett in a carriage drawn by four dark bays. He carried his hat in his hand, and bowed right and left at the greetings of the throngs.

A batallion of the First Corps of Cadets was drawn up in waiting as the Presidential party alighted upon the avenue at the state entrance to the hotel. The President mounted the steps arm in arm with Governor Brackett. The Cadets were then dismissed to guard the various approaches to the President's apartments and reception room. A few minutes later the party proceeded to the state dining hall. Here two long tables were arranged lengthwise of the room, with a third across the upper end of the hall. At the latter Governor Brackett occupied the post of honor, and the State's guest, President Harrison, sat on his left. Seated at this table were Secretary of Agriculture Rusk, Governor Leon Abbott of New Jersey, and Lieutenant Governor Hale of Massachusetts. Among the other notable persons who occupied tables at the other tables were Admiral Gherardi of the United States squadron now in the harbor, and staff, in full uniform; Private Secretary Halford, Department Commander Innis, Collector Beard, Adjutant Dalton, Secretary of State Pierce, State Treasurer Warden, and members of the executive council and the two branches of the legislature. The adornments of the hall and tables were elegant. Flowers and plants formed the principal embellishments. The decorations in the room were handsome, the master-piece being the similie of the White House and State House in white sugar. The company sat down shortly before 9 o'clock, and it was past 3 o'clock when Gov. Brackett rose for the almost painful stillness that prevailed throughout the entire feast with the announcement that the carriages were in waiting. This was the only audible speech made during the entire banquet, the entire absence of speech making being one of the features upon which General Harrison accepted the tender of a State banquet. Escorted by the Governor and members of his staff, the President and members of his party were driven to the Parker House, where they attended the reception given by E. W. Kinsley Post of Boston to Lafayette Post, 149, of New York.

When President Harrison entered the large dining room at Parker's, he was greeted with great applause by the veterans of E. W. Kinsley and Lafayette Posts. Commander Sawin called the company to order, and introduced Colonel Charles H. Taylor as toastmaster. Upon the latter, in well chosen words, presented President Harrison, who again received an ovation. President Harrison said: "I do not count it the least of the fortunate circumstances which have occasionally supported me in life, that I am able to be here to-night to address you as comrades of the Grand Army of the United States [great applause], an association great in its achievement, and altogether worthy of perpetuation; and it the last of our associates shall have passed into honored graves. It is not my purpose, to-night, to address you in an extended speech, but only to say that whether walking with you in the private pursuits of life, or holding place of official responsibility, I can never be in either forget those who upheld the flag of this nation in those days when it was in peril. Everything worthy of preservation in our history of the past is growing glowing and glorious in the future which is confront, turned upon the issue of that strife in which you were engaged. Will you permit me to wish for each of you a life full of all sweetness, that each of you may preserve, untarnished and undimmed, the love for the flag which called you from your homes to stand under its folds, amid the shock of battle and the fiery storm. I believe there are indications to-day, in this country, of a revived love for the flag. [Applause.] I should wish no American citizen would look upon it without saluting." [Loud applause.]

Upon concluding the address, the President, accompanied by his secretary and members of his cabinet, withdrew from the hall amid hearty cheers, the whole company standing, as they were driven to the Vendome.

On Tuesday was the great parade, when forty thousand uniformed men were in line, the marching being witnessed by one hundred thousand strangers, besides the immediate residents of the city. Maine was splendidly represented, delegations from every portion of the State, furnishing 6000 men in line, and the men of Maine elicited wide-spread attention. Massachusetts turned out 15,000 men. The largest Post in the procession was Post 5 of Lynn, which numbered 725 men in line. The weather was all that could be desired. The entire line was reviewed by the President.

The Grand Army's reception to the President was given at Mechanics Building, Tuesday evening. At least 15,000 people attended the reception. The spacious galleries and floor were filled with veterans and their ladies, representing every State in the Union. The hall was elaborately decorated. While awaiting the arrival of the distinguished guests, the time was filled with instrumental music by the band, and patriotic songs by the audience. Finally Commander Schley, United States Navy, and staff, appeared upon the platform, being followed soon after by Mrs. Morris Husband, the famous war nurse, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, President Women's Relief Corps; Miss Clara Barton, President of the Red Cross Association; Mrs. Mary E. Knowles, Massachusetts Department President; Mrs. Abby Cheney, National Secretary; Mrs. Lynch, National Treasurer; Mrs. Mr. Michals, National Inspector of the Relief Corps. Department Commander Innis was the first announcement that carriages were in waiting. This was the only audible speech made during the entire banquet, the entire absence of speech making being one of the features upon which General Harrison accepted the tender of a State banquet. Escorted by the Governor and members of his staff, the President and members of his party were driven to the Parker House, where they attended the reception given by E. W. Kinsley Post of Boston to Lafayette Post, 149, of New York.

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## Items of Maine News.

Caribou will soon have a first-class school building costing $10,000.

James H. McPortland of Houlton, was granted a patent on a center board for vessels, on Tuesday.

There is talk of making Foxcroft Academy a special fitting school for Colby University.

Fourteen sheep belonging to Virgil De. Coster of Hartford, were killed by lightning during last week's thunder shower.

Mr. Simon Bartlett, a respected citizen of Damariscotta Mills, died suddenly of rheumatism of the heart, the other day.

The factories at Eastport received as ample supply of sardine fish last week, and are employing a full force of workmen.

In the vicinity of Bluehill, fishing boats are numerous and come in with tolerably good fares of mackerel, which have fallen in price from twenty-five cents each, to four cents.

Hon. Joseph Farwell, of Unity, formerly of Rockland, has presented the city with his large lot at the Jameson Point cemetery, as a site for a receiving tomb. The City Council will have the tomb erected this year.

News was received in Biddeford, Thursday morning, of the death at Gallatin, Tenn., of Mrs. Nancy Burbank, widow of Rev. Samuel Burbank of Limerick, first editor of the *Morning Star* now published in Boston. Her age was 86 years.

The Sebago Wood Board Co., are making great improvements in their mill, in South Windham. They are to have an entire new set of water-wheels and grinders, and other improved machinery. An extension will also be added to the mill.

Washington Booker of Bath, formerly of Lisbon, committed suicide, Sunday, by taking Paris green. He was found dead out by the Bath Driving Park. Poverty was the probable cause; he was a dealer in old junk, and was about 70 years old.

From 2500 to 3000 squares of excellent slate are being shipped from Monson, monthly. The product of the quarries is about 30,000 squares per year. More than $10,000 is paid out each month to carry on the business.

John E. Hamilton, farmer, Garland, will settle through insolvency. Daniel W. Shibles, of Dover, engaged in lumbering business and farming, has made an assignment to S. D. Leavitt. His liabilities are reported to be about $5,000.

The State of Maine Slate Company, at Blanchard, are doing a fine business. They employ all workers, and people are glad to see them prosper. A few days ago they took one block of slate, that had a little more than twenty-three squares of first quality of slate.

James Steel's barn at Spruce Head, South Thomaston, was struck by lightning, Friday afternoon, and completely demolished. Insured for $400. The barn contained several tons of hay and a horse, which was uninjured. Not a particle of fire was engendered by the explosion.

Wilson Chute, Esq., has been appointed postmaster at Webb's Mills in the place of Samuel P. Winslow, resigned. A. S. Bean has been appointed postmaster at Bean's Corner, vice Mrs. A. S. Butterfield. T. B. Barrett has been appointed postmaster at Canaan vice, J. C. F. Powers.

George Seward, of the shank factory, North Anson, has contracted the job in connection with Lowell and driving to the shank factory in that village, 600 cords of white birch and 220,000 feet of lumber during the next year. He is now building his camps and getting ready for the business. Eight or ten men will be employed.

Last week, at Houlton, lightning struck in a number of places in the village, upsetting and nearly making old junk of a mowing machine and horse rake—the driver and horses luckily escaping. Rain for several minutes came down in torrents, accompanied by hail stones, and for many minutes the people were treated to a veritable western cyclone.

Rev. T. Albert Austin, of Chapleau, Canada, who died at the Abbot cottage, Old Orchard, the other night, left a will, bequeathing about eight thousand dollars to relatives, and the balance of his estate, about two thousand five hundred dollars in trust to Rev. A. B. Simpson, leader of the Christian Alliance meetings, for foreign missionary work.

The newspaper machine of the Bowdoin Paper Co., in full operation, running on a order of fifty tons of paper for shipment to Australia. This paper is extraordinarily wide, being eighty-seven inches, and is shipped in rolls weighing about fifteen hundred pounds. The new machine makes about ten tons of paper a day, the total daily out-put of the mill being 25 tons against 15 last April.

Mrs. Bennett and daughter, from Albany, came to Bethel, Thursday, with a load of eggs and berries. While passing down Church street, they met a man on a white eyed pony and a boy on a bicycle. The horse took fright, made a desperate turn, turning the carriage bottom side up, promiscuously scattering the eggs and berries into the ditch. The ladies were thrown several feet, but strange to say, came right side up without a scratch.

The Mill Manufacturing Investment Co., has been awarded the contract for the foundation of its immense pulp mill, at Madison, to Messrs. McDonald and Merrill, and work is to be begun upon it at once. The stone for the foundation will come from the quarries at North Jay. There is an earth excavation of about 36,000 yards, and eight or ten thousand yards of masonry to be done. The foundation alone, will cost over $150,000.

In conversation recently, one of the most prominent contractors in the State said that within the next five years, he expected to see Brunswick grow more in that time than in the State; that the prospect was brighter for her than for any town he knew of. This is simply a straw showing the drift of things as they appear to an outsider; an expert at that. There is no reason why his prophecy should not be fulfilled.

Simon Jones of Washington, in an insane fit, one day last week, attacked his daughter. He seized and dragged her out of doors, throwing her heavily on a log. The boy born who heard the girl's shrieks for help prevented further injury. As it was she was badly injured and is at present confined to her bed. Mr. Jones has been insane last fall and has been gradually growing worse being at times so violent as to require the aid of several persons to subdue him.

There was shipped from the three stations of Presque Isle, Caribou and East Fairfield, from July 1st to Dec. 31st, 1889, merchantable of all kinds, 2090 cars. The amount of potatoes, shipped from above stations from July 1st to Dec. 31st, 1889, merchantable of all kinds, 1,044,000 bbls.—The amount of potatoes shipped from July 1st, 1889, to May 20th, 1890 was 664 cars. The total shipment from all four towns from July 1st to Dec. 31st, 1889 was 3408 cars. Of this amount Houlton sent 1408 or over 400 per cent.

The annual reunion of the First Maine Cavalry was held in Boston on Monday. At the business meeting, with Gen. Charles H. Smith of Detroit, Mich. (now colonel of the 10th infantry of that state) presiding officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Gen. Smith; vice-presidents, Capt. B. H. Putnam; treasurer, Geo. J. P. Cilley; secretary, Lieut. A. F. Emery; corresponding secretary, Lieut. O. S. Haskell; auditing committee, George F. Jewett, Al. L. Ordway and Col. A. C. Drinkwater. It was voted to hold the next reunion in Houlton, Me. The Ladies Auxiliary, connected with the association, chose the following officers: President, Mrs. E. P. Wilson; vice-president, R. L.; vice-president, Mrs. C. N. Lang of Portland, Me.; secretary, Miss Grace E. Tobie of Portland, Me. There was a grand banquet in the evening.

Robbers got in their work at Winterport the other night, making something of a haul. The post office was the place visited, and the thieves gained entrance through a window in the rear of the building, reaching the clasp through an open pane in the window. They ransacked the place and succeeded in securing $50 in money, stamps and registered letters, one containing $30, another $19 and the contents of the other, a foreign letter, are unknown. The safe was broken open in the usual manner. The safe was thoroughly robbed completely of the past few months, and completely wrecked. It was worth about $175. The robbers left behind them two chisels, a screw driver and a carpenter's apron. On new hill and a carpenter's apron. On "Meeting House" hill, just back of the post office, two of the letters and the cash drawer of the safe were found. The drawer contained about two hundred pennies, and scattered along the ground were quite a number of pieces of silver of small denominations.

Wednesday, Miss Clara W. Dodge, postmistress at Blue Hill Falls, was brought before U. S. Commissioner Bradley at Ellsworth, on a charge of opening letters addressed to other parties. The lady pleaded not guilty. District Attorney Dyer produced his evidence, and Miss Dodge was bound over for trial to the September term of the District Court. Before Miss Dodge was arraigned, she stated she had a few words she would like to say. The Commissioner suggested she had better wait until she was arraigned and had heard the evidence for the government. She desired, however, to speak with the Commissioner, and her request being granted, told him that it was her custom on all occasions, when she found herself in trying positions, to invoke the divine help and guidance, and she wished to do so before the Commissioner—whose position there. The Commissioner—whose position is proverbial—instructed the Marshal to take the lady to an adjoining room, where she could gratify her desire. To this, however, Miss Dodge objected. She wished to commence right there in the court room. Receiving permission from the Commissioner she knelt and poured forth her urgent appeal to her Maker with fervor and vigor. At its close she rose and was ready for business.

## Items of General News

Destructive hail storms occurred in many parts of Minnesota, Wednesday night.

The Fall River, Mass., mills have mostly shut down, to curtail production.

A syndicate of English capitalists have purchased the Cumberland Iron Works, which comprise 46,000 acres of land in Stewart county, Tennessee.

Another Leary raft is ready for sea at Great Bay, N. B. This time in taking the raft to New York, the tugs will put out to sea and avoid hugging the shore.

Mme. Bourrion, the fasting woman of Boardeville, France, has died from inability to digest food, having abstained for 33 days.

Senator Edmunds, the other day rushed into the Senate chamber, with his hair cut on one half of his head. He wanted to vote on an important measure.

Charles Cosgrove, the aeronaut, was instantly killed at Portland, Ore., Sunday, while making a descent with a parachute. He fell 300 feet and was mangled almost beyond recognition.

Prairie fires are devastating the western part of Kansas. Ford and Edward counties are suffering the greatest. In the northern portion of Ford county a tract twenty miles square was burned over inside of two hours.

The resolution, offered by Mr. Plumb, expressing the desire of the Senate that the remains of Gen. Grant be removed from New York, and interred in Arlington cemetery, was agreed to on Friday.

The mortality in Manchester, N. H., the past month almost equalled the death rate last January, when "la grippe" was at its height. The total number of deaths was 124, of which 83 were children, two years old and under.

The body of Mrs. Arthur Day, who is said to have been thrown over the precipice at Niagara Falls by her husband, July 25 last, was found badly mangled on the rocks near the whirlpool rapids, Sunday. Day is a bigamist, and is alleged to have got rid of his first wife in this manner.

The grand parade of the Patriarchs Militant in Chicago, Thursday afternoon, proved most imposing. There was a handsome dress parade on the lake front in the morning, 40 cantons being in line. At night there was another great spectacular demonstration in Lake Front Park.

George Goodyear, seventy-five years of age, while looking into an elevator well, at Boston, Saturday morning, was struck by a car and decapitated, his head having been carried up to the top floor on the elevator, while his body fell to the bottom of the well.

During a very heavy storm which prevailed at Crefeld, near Berlin, Monday, a house containing fifty persons fell to the ground. Thirteen persons in the house were killed, and twenty others, more or less injured, were rescued. Twelve are still buried in the wreck.

Henry Herbert Byram, editor-in-chief of the Pittsburg, Pa., *Chronicle-Telegraph*, died at his home last Saturday, of typhoid-pneumonia, after an illness of about three weeks. Mr. Byram was born in Gardiner, Me., in 1845. He was a vigorous writer, and widely popular both in and out of his profession.

The wife of Jerome Swett, of Providence, R. I., upon whose clothing, last Wednesday, he poured kerosene and lighted it, died in the hospital Tuesday. Swett will be arranged for murder. Although she suffered excruciating agony, Mrs. Swett would not say one word to implicate her husband in his awful guilt.

Benjamin Lee, the wealthy farmer who disagreed from his home in Ridgefield, recently, was found a few miles below Danbury, Conn., Monday morning, nearly frozen to death, and apparently quite dead. He was taken to the poor house, where through watching $150,000, he said he was homeless. He was only half-clothed, and had been lying by the roadside in a heavy rain.

At the races at Monmouth Park, New York, Thursday, the mile, Chaos won, time 1:42; Camden stakes, ¾ mile, Kildare won, time 1.15½; Trenton stakes, 1⅛ miles, Clarendon won, time 2 03; Free hold stakes, 1⅛ miles, Hermit won, time 1.57½; mile, Newburg won, time 1.27½; 1⅛ miles, Grimaldi won, time 1.55; 1 mile, Jennie V., filly, won, time 1.44¾.

The Anti-lottery Convention convened at Baton Rouge, La., Friday morning. Resolutions were adopted to boycott the *Times Democrat* and *Daily States*, of New Orleans, on account of their pro-lottery sentiments. The Newspaper Committee reported $30,-300 guaranteed the morning after new's paper to be published in New Orleans in opposition to re-chartering the lottery. The convention adjourned sine die.

Sir Charles Tupper at Ottawa, has advised the department of agriculture that the steamer Iowa from Boston, landed 356 swine at Liverpool, among which were seven affected with swine fever. They were ordered to be slaughtered. The steamship Kansas from Boston, also landed at Liverpool 357 swine, 20 of which were affected with the fever. They were also ordered to be slaughtered.

The remains of William Kemmler were buried soon after 4 o'clock, Friday morning, in the cemetery about a mile from the prison at Auburn, N. Y. The coffin containing the remains was placed in a wagon belonging to the prison and a convict drove it. Keeper Miller sat on the seat and that was the extent of the procession. Arriving at the graveyard, with the aid of two waiting grave diggers, the coffin was placed in a rough box and lowered into its last resting place.

Miss Annie Vigeant, 20 years old, was awakened from sleep at her home in Waterbury, Conn., early Thursday morning, by the fumes from burning bed clothing and horrible pains in her arms and lower limbs. The family were awakened by her screams, and found that some miscreant had crawled along the roof of the verandas and sprinkled the sleeping young lady with some powerful acid. An empty phial, unlabelled, was found in the room. The young woman was terribly burned and will be disfigured for life.

Wm. Boss, an employé of the United States Electric Light Company, while changing carbons in one of the city electric lights at Washington, Friday night, received a shock of 2000 volts. He was almost rendered insensible, but soon recovered. The flesh on his right hand where the current entered and left was burned, but is passed off, where he badly burned. He said it was four or five seconds before he became insensible. He suffered great pain. His experience was similar, perhaps, to that of Kemmler after receiving the first shock.

J. B. Stone, his wife of Lynn, Mass., and daughter, have had a narrow escape from death through poisoning by cream cakes bought at a bakery. The family ate the cakes and were taken ill the same day. Severe pains in the stomach, nausea, severe headache, followed by nausea, and then delirium, sent the family to bed. The daughter's life was barely saved, and even now she is in a critical condition. The physician summoned failed to name the poison which had caused the trouble, but stated that it was undoubtedly caused by some mistake in the use of flavoring.

A great strike has prevailed the past ten days among the employés of the New York Central R. R. Monday it was reported that the strikers had suffered a crushing defeat, and that the battle had been won by the railroad company. Tuesday it was reported that strikers still are confident the crisis is not yet reached, and that before the week is over the road will be tied up tight as a drum. A private meeting of about 600 strikers and others was held Tuesday afternoon. After the meeting the reporters were told that reports made showed only one or two desertions from the ranks of the strikers.

In the House, Tuesday, Mr. Dingley of Maine called up the motion which has been pending for some time, to re-consider the vote by which the House passed the Senate bill to adopt regulations for preventing collisions at sea. He did this for the purpose of moving to strike out in the clause repealing inconsistent laws, the words "except where the local rules shall hereafter be adopted by the board of supervising inspectors of steam vessels." Immediately after the passage of the bill it had been found, he said, that this exception was inconsistent with the true intent of the measure. The motion was reconsidered, the bill amended, and passed.

From Galicia, Austria, comes a horrible tale of ignorance and superstition. It was discovered that a Hebrew cemetery had been broken into. Upon police inquiry it was found that the fact that typhus fever was raging in a neighboring village, and a so-called doctor had prescribed as a cure, the burning of the bones of a Hebrew in a patient's room. The doctor went to the cemetery, took the bodies of two Hebrew children from a grave, and burned the remains over a charcoal fire in the apartments of the sick person, nearly smothering the latter with the horrible fumes. He pretended to catch the disease and put it in a bottle. Whether the patient recovered is not stated. The doctor was imprisoned.

The great strike in South Wales has begun in earnest. Every train pulls a signal man on the Taff, Barry, Bute and Rhymney lines has quit work. Rhondda, with its population of 100,000 inhabitants, which is mainly dependent upon the Taff line for bringing in its supplies is panic stricken. There are large collieries there which employ a force of about 30,000 workmen, and these are all idle. The provision merchants have laid in large supplies, in anticipation of a prolonged famine. From Swansea, Pontvlood, and all parts of the southern portion of the principality, promises of liberal support for the strikers are coming in. The public excitement in Glamorganshire is indescribable. All traffic has been stopped on the Rhymney, Barry, Benarth & Taff railway, where, owing to the prevalence of the strike, the greatest possible confusion prevails. The mails are being dispatched along the high roads in carts, under the protection of a guard. Altogether over 170,000 men are idle, and trade in all the markets in Wales is paralyzed.

OUR CAPITAL. *Dear Farmer:* True to my promise, I will now tell you of my pleasant trip to what I think may be called not inappropriately, the Capitoline Hills of Augusta. Though our capitol may not bear a striking resemblance to the ancient Romish capitol, and has not been destroyed as many times, we have every reason and encouragement for the hope that the much-needed repairs which are at this time being made on the modest casket, which is swelled to bursting with the unused and unaired Laws of the Pine Tree State, will restore it to more than its pristine grandeur; and we also have reason, if not encouragement, to hope that some of those sleeping Laws may be waked at the coming *housecarming of the stately* edifice, which will be dressed, like the far-famed ghost of McGinty, in its "best suit of clothes."

We went from Union, crossing the Medomac River, into Washington, the pretty town being bisected by the Damariscotta River, and ornamented by two pretty ponds—Washington, the outlet of which forms the Muscongus River, and Clark's; beside Patricktown Mountain, which is its greatest elevation. Part of Washington was included in the Plymouth, and part in the Muscongus Patent, being made up of a part of Union and adjacent tracts and strips of land, and its former name was Putnam. Keeping the stage road, we passed Long Pond, which is one of the many pretty bodies of water in Jefferson, which is situated on the ponds at the heads of Damariscotta and Dyer's Rivers, and Great Meadow Brook, the others being Pleasant Pond and Damariscotta Lake, which is the principal one, on which is East Jefferson, with its factories. And after passing Long Pond, across Sheepscot River into Whitefield, at Cooper's Mills, which was once joined to Jefferson, forming Ballstown, which was named for John Ball, the first settler, who came just before the Revolution, in 1770, and was with Nobleborough and parts of Bristol and Newcastle, a part of the "Brown Claim," which originated in a deed from "Somerset" and Unnongoit, Indian sagamores, where those who settled before 1784 bought their land for thirteen cents per acre, while those who settled later paid thirty cents. We passed through Whitefield, which was claimed by Plymouth proprietors, who failed to establish their right, and was settled in 1770 by Irish Roman Catholics, while a part of Ballstown, from which it was separated in 1809, and named in honor of George Whitefield, of whom I have written in my Newburyport letters.

We pass small settlements and straggling huts, and after a long drive, arrive at the National Home in Chelsea, which was formerly a part of Hallowell, but is now chiefly remarkable by being the seat of the Eastern Branch of the National Soldiers' Home at Togus. Chelsea has several hills, among which are Ledge and Winter; and a pretty stream—Worromontogus, or Togus. But one cares little for the other features of the place, when so near them are the beautiful buildings and grounds of the National Home, with its many (nearly two thousand) members; stately, substantial buildings, comfortable hospital, reading room, dining room and billiard hall, music hall and skilled band; drives, gardens and deer parks; stately clumps of trees; cosy nooks and rough rocks; tiny pond, stream and parks; beautiful cemetery; the charming homes of the officers, and less imposing cottages of some of the veterans who have their families with them. A narrow gauge railroad has just been completed from Gardiner to the Home.

The feature which interested me most was the cemetery, through which we drove, and the trees which have been left as nature planted them, among her huge rocks. Here, as I looked about over the hundreds of graves, all alike, with the neat little headstone and flying banner, the whole making the solemn field gleam with the bright colors and brilliant stars of our flag, I thought that death seemed to be a great leveller, though I knew that the lives of the quiet bodies under the little mounds, had been very different one from the other. The new monument is very neat and appropriate, and is made of granite taken from the quarries at the Home, and made by members of it, to perpetuate the memory of the bravery of their silent comrades now, and their own valor when they shall have joined them at the last reveille. On the front is the inscription:

EASTERN BRANCH NATIONAL HOME FOR DISABLED VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS.

One side:

IN MEMORY OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS WHO FOUGHT FOR THE UNION.

Another:

ERECTED A. D. 1889.

The other:

WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN: 1812—1814.
WAR WITH MEXICO: 1846—1848.
WAR OF REBELLION: 1861—1865.

Here and there, beside the drive-way, was a wooden slab with some appropriate verse, as:

"No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn nor screeching fife
At dawn shall call to arms."

And:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

Quotations from Theodore O'Hara's beautiful "Bivouac of the Dead." There are others, too, as:

"Here sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest."

From here it was a pretty drive into the city, over the nice, new iron bridge, which cost $65,000, and takes the place of the old dark, double-barreled terror which I remember as one of the dark spots of a former visit; and in a short time we were snugly housed, and very much at home, at the Hotel North, and after some dinner, set out to "do" the town—excuse me—city. Of course we visited the State House, which, as I have before intimated, was undergoing repairs, passing an old cannon in the grounds, which was, as a placard tells us: "Captured by First Maine Cavalry at Campaign of Lee's Surrender." On entering the building, we pass some time examining the old tattergl, weather-beaten, bullet-riven, smoke-stained flags, many of which are also blood-stained, which went with our soldiers through our terrible war; and also some old British muskets which were surrendered by Burgoyne at Saratoga, Oct. 17th, 1777, and presented by Massachusetts to Maine. Going up stairs, and climbing up in some chairs which looked as though they might share with benefit in the repairs going on about them, we peeped into the room, which showed no signs of the stately host who adorn it with their presence, and make its walls re-echo with their stentorian tones. Climbing up the dusty, winding stairs in the dark stair-way, we at last reach the cupola, and step outside, while we look down upon the pretty city and river so near us, with Hallowell in the distance. We can see from here the green screen of the stately trees which adorn the streets of the city, making them shady and cool; and also where a little clump before some old homestead, looks like a miniature forest; while the white houses look cool and sheltered in the shade, the color broken now and then by a more imposing structure of brick, or a colored house. The hills, trees and river at Augusta would make any place beautiful.

We passed the pretty triangular park, with its elegant Soldiers' Monument, which is a bronze figure of Liberty, on a granite pedestal, on the faces of which are scenes of the soldier's life, such as leaving his home, to which the loving arms and bitter tears seem almost to bind his feet; and the battlefield on which he has fallen, where his last thought is of the dear ones at home, while his last prayer is to the soldier's God, that he will protect the widow and fatherless. The monument is about 48 feet in height, and on its face, over the inscription, are grouped some implements of war. Near it is a pretty fountain. Near here is the home of Governor Burleigh. Near the State House is the neat, substantial, unpretending home of Mr. Blaine; and opposite is the old muster ground of the boys of '61, part of which is now a trotting park. We went into the elegant new post office, which is considered one of the finest in the country, and climbing the many flights of wide stairs, arrive at the top, where another delightful view is presented to our eyes, along the shore of the beautiful river. Across the river, the pretty street winds along its banks, and leads to the arsenal; in the distance loom the beautiful granite buildings of the Insane Asylum, which I do not care to visit this time, as I was there a short time ago, when the scenes of mental misery made my heart ache for the poor inmates, from the quiet, lady-like women, with their sweet faces and soft, gray hair, who were nearly recovered, and waiting for their longed-for release, to the poor beings who came to me with some tale of fancied danger or wrong, thinking I was some one in authority. I played for some of the more lively ones to dance, and their joyous laughter filled the hall; I sung for others, and left them weeping over some half-forgotten joys of former days, recalled to their minds by the music.

Across the river, also, just below the new bridge, is the site of Fort Weston, some portion of which can still be traced; and above the bridge some little distance, is the dam which forms the head of the tide, above which the ice is cut; and just the other side is the lock, through which the steamers pass, when they do not get stuck. The Kennebec at Augusta is 700 feet wide, and 130,000 cubic feet of water pass here each minute during the twenty-four hours. The basin of the river is 145 miles in length, and its greatest breadth is 75 miles, while its length from Moosehead Lake to the ocean is 155 miles. There are 316 lakes in the basin, covering an expanse of 450 square miles.

As early as 1629, a trading house for the fur trade was established by the Plymouth Colony, North Virginia Company, at Cushnoc, now Augusta. The second Indian War laid all their work in ruins, and in 1713 a stone fort, said to be the strongest in the country at that time, was built, to be destroyed also; after which Fort Weston was erected, in 1754. Augusta was incorporated as a part of Hallowell in 1771; set off under the name of Harrington, 1797; changed to Augusta the same year; made shire town of the county, 1799; and capital of the State, 1826; incorporated as a city, 1849, with Alfred Redington as first Mayor. The arsenal was begun in 1828; the capitol finished, 1832, and the Insane Asylum in 1840.

Many pretty drives are near and in the city—up on Cushnoc heights, from whence a delightful view is obtained; up Western avenue, past the new home of J. Manchester Haynes, and the home of the late Gov. Morrill, to the muster ground, where our "brave soldier boys" pitched their tents last month, receiving no worse scars than blistered heels; up to Bond Brook; out to Hallowell, with her granite works, State Industrial School for girls, and the home of the late Gov. Bodwell; or to Gardiner, and the falls of the Cobbosseecontee.

We visited the St. Mark's Home for old ladies, and were taken through the pleasant house by the friendly matron, Mrs. James, seeing the pleasure parlors, cheery dining room, with windows looking into the yard of St. Mark's church, which is also very beautiful, with its costly memorial windows; the tiny chapel in the home, with its memorial window bearing the inscription: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." There are ten inmates in the home. We also had a pleasant call at the home of our friend, the *Maine Farmer*, and came home from the capital, passing the electric cars, which had just commenced running between Augusta and Gardiner, well pleased with our visit.

CORA BUZZELL MILLAY.

### Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases" which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same.) to Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

### Items and Incidents.

A Kansas farmer has sold a meteor which lately fell on his farm, to the State University, but has yet they say the Kansas crops are poor this year.

**The Purest and Best**

Articles known to medical science are used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla. Ingredients carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. The medicine is prepared under the supervision of thoroughly competent pharmacists, and every step in the process of manufacture is carefully watched with a view to securing in Hood's Sarsaparilla the best possible result.

A Warwick, R. I., farmer had a gang of tramps in his yard a few days ago who refused to move on in order to "move on." He showed remarkable presence of mind when he overturned a hive of bees. The tramps disappeared, but not until many had suffered.

Much injury is done by the use of irritating, griping compounds taken as purgatives. In Ayer's Pills, the patient has a mild but effective cathartic, that can be confidently recommended alike for the most delicate patients as well as for the most robust.

Lovers are slow about proposing this summer. Owing to the high price of the commodity, they hesitate about breaking the ice.

All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

Hailstones intended for publication are usually as hard as bullets.

Sour stomach chills from improper eating or drinking take Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Waggin' their Tongues.—"Did you ever know that a wagon spoke?" "Yes, I heard one complaining that it was tired."

It is a great misfortune for the young and middle aged to be gray. To overcome this and appear young, use Hall's Hair Renewer, a reliable panacea.

"There's nothing original about Jaysmith." "You are mistaken. I saw him with an 'original package' last night."

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The cat has nine lives, which shows that nature had a pretty fair idea of what the cat would have to go through.

People who say sharp things often get the reputation of being blunt.

## The Markets.

### Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, Aug. 12, 1890.

| Names of Drovers. | No. Cattle. | Sheep. | Veals. |
|---|---|---|---|
| W. W. Hall & Son, | 18 | | 18 |
| Trafton & Philbrook, | 33 | | 26 |
| E. A. Shepherd, | 8 | | 10 |
| C. Hanson, | 23 | | 30 |
| M. A. Randall, | 20 | | 30 |
| J. S. Welter, | 10 | | 15 |
| F. A. Libby, | 10 | | 11 |
| Mr. Whitney, | 8 | | 7 |
| J. C. Littlefield, | 4 | | 6 |
| I. C. Libby & Sons, | 13 | 218 | 16 |
| H. I. Libby, | 7 | | 9 |
| G. Hallowell, | 8 | | 9 |
| O. W. Rolf, | 4 | | 4 |

LIVE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 3,059; sheep, 13 088; hogs, 21,688; veals, 1,452; horses, 614.

FROM MAINE.

Cattle, 191; sheep, 218; veals, 188; horses, 64.

Seven hundred and sixty-six head exported from the port of Boston. Trade of 1 cent.

PRICES CURRENT.

Beef cattle weak, but no lower.

Sheep and lambs ¼ cent higher; fat sheep, 5 to 5¼ cents; lambs, 6 cents.

Hogs in demand at last quotations.

Veal calves are plenty and low; best lots sell at 5 cents.

Milch Cows.—Market overstocked, and trade at a stand-still. It is estimated that there are one thousand cows to sell at Brighton to-morrow. If sold at all, low prices will be realized.

Horses in fair demand, and prices lower. Live poultry, steady; fair demand at 10 to 13½ cents.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

W. W. Hall sold veals at 5 cts.; cows, $30@40. Trafton & Philbrook sold veals at 4½ cts.; cows at $25@$45. R. W. Brown sold veals at 5 cts.; Canada lambs at 6 cts., that averaged 60 lbs. I. C. Libby sold 58 milch cows to one man, at $35 each; others at $40@50; 100 veal calves at 5 cts.; farm house of Frank Smith in Belfast, was burned Wednesday. Loss, $500; insured for $500. The barn was saved. The cause of the fire was a defective chimney.——Fire started in a closet in James W. Dresser's residence on Elm street, Biddeford, at midnight, Monday. Considerable clothing was destroyed. The damage is estimated at $500; the loss is covered by insurance.

**For Overwork**
**Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**

Dr. J. S. WHITAKER, Millville, N. J., says: "*It has been thoroughly tested, and is especially useful in certain forms of dyspepsia, headache, nervous affections, and in restoring the waste to the nervous and muscular system especially caused by overwork.*"

ACCIDENTS. While Mrs. Arthur M. Foss and Miss Mary F. Hopkins of Ellsworth, were driving on the Surry road, their horse becoming frightened they were thrown from their carriage and both were somewhat, though not seriously, injured.——John Stanton, aged 14, while playing around a house on Brackett street, Portland, where carpenters were at work, fell a distance of 10 feet to the ground, breaking a small bone.——Liston Harmon of Willamantic, knocked a small piece of skin from one of his hands, July 27th. It was a very slight accident, but blood poisoning set in and the man died last week.——Mrs. S. James Harriman of Belfast, fell from a hammock and broke her collar bone.——A One day recently, Edward Bramford of Linneus, had his skull broken by the giving way of a hay-fork and tackle. He lived but a short time after receiving the injury.——A little child of Mr. George London of Bridgewater, died recently from injuries received by a fall. She was at play with other children in a pasture when, in order to frighten the child, she was told by her companions that a bull in the pasture was running after her. In her fright, she attempted to climb the fence, when one of the children gave her a push, causing her to fall. She struck upon her stomach, receiving internal injuries from the effects of which she died in a few days.——Mrs. Gould of Caribou, came near meeting with a fatal accident at Fort Fairfield. He, with others, was returning from the Free Baptist Fair at Kilburn, and got off the train at Fort Fairfield. July 29. Wednesday and Thursday. The supply of fine creamery was quite short, and there were plenty of buyers at 20@21 cents for lots to arrive, but receivers were unwilling to fix a price. Good to choice grades were firmer, and will be more or less benefitted by the rise in fine stock. The Utica despatch reported sales of creamery at 19¼@23 cents, and it is reasonable to expect northern creamery in laying a floor at Bangor, was stooping down and suddenly his right foot started on the smooth floor to slip from beneath him. He made a quick effort to recover himself and in so doing completely tore his knee cap from the joint, breaking both flesh and ligaments in a shocking manner.——Humphrey Phillips, an aged Old Orchard citizen, was thrown from his carriage one Wednesday afternoon, and instantly killed. His son was thrown out at the same time, but was not injured.——Harold Pratt of Belfast, fell recently and fractured a rib, and subsequently had another fall and dislocated a thumb. He is bracing himself up for the next accident.——Arthur, the four years old son of Hiram Condon of Belfast, fell from the apple tree recently and broke his left arm.——A serious accident happened to a seven years old son of Peter Carey in Fairfield. The drivers at the horse-car stables were running out a car and undertook to add switching it on the main line. There is a slight grade, and the car was running itself, and it is supposed the boy tried to get on and slipped under the wheels, as he was found dead in that position. The horses seemed inclined to go to Boston and mingle with the immense crowd, rather than attend to trade. It is feared that the excitement will interfere with trade at Brighton, if so it will be necessary to hold up, as most certainly there is two weeks' supply, all cows and springers, and this is all the class of stock that should be shipped at this time.

I. C. LIBBY.

### Brighton Cattle Market.

BRIGHTON, Aug. 12, 1890.

Amount of live stock at market—Cattle, 375; sheep and lambs, 9708; veals 140; swine, 100; 80 horses.

Brighton Hides 05½c per lb.
Brighton Tallow 4c per lb.
Country Hides 5c per lb.
Country Tallow 3c per lb.
Calf Skins 6@6c per lb.
Sheep and Lamb Skins 25c each.
Wool Skins 50c@$1.00 each.
Dairy Skins 15@35c each.

There were but few cattle brought into market from the West, all being owned by butchers.

Sheep and lambs were largely owned by butchers and taken directly to the slaughter houses.

Trade for Cattle and Sheep was confined principally to butchers, nearly all being owned by them. Sales of Cattle, Milch Cows and Store Cattle were small on account of the celebration, business being generally suspended.

### Boston Market.

TUESDAY, Aug. 12.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. No business was transacted around the produce market yesterday, and trade in all departments was suspended, except what was necessary to be performed on the entertainment of the Grand Army visitors. No new developments can be reported in the butter market, but from the closing tone on Monday, there was every reason to expect higher prices on Wednesday and Thursday. The supply of fine creamery was quite short, and there were plenty of buyers at 20@21 cents for lots to arrive, but receivers were unwilling to fix a price. Good to choice grades were firmer, and will be more or less benefitted by the rise in fine stock. The Utica despatch reported sales of creamery at 19¼@23 cents, and it is reasonable to expect northern creamery in laying a floor at Bangor, was stooping down and suddenly his right foot started on the smooth floor to slip from beneath him. He made a quick effort to recover himself and in so doing completely tore his knee cap from the joint, breaking both flesh and ligaments in a shocking manner.——Humphrey Phillips, an aged Old Orchard citizen, was thrown from his carriage one Wednesday afternoon, and instantly killed. His son was thrown out at the same time, but was not injured.——Harold Pratt of Belfast, fell recently and fractured a rib, and subsequently had another fall and dislocated a thumb. He is bracing himself up for the next accident.——Arthur, the four years old son of Hiram Condon of Belfast, fell from the apple tree recently and broke his left arm.——A serious accident happened to a seven years old son of Peter Carey in Fairfield. The drivers at the horse-car stables were running out a car and undertook to add switching it on the main line. There is a slight grade, and the car was running itself, and it is supposed the boy tried to get on and slipped under the wheels, as he was found dead in that position. The horses seemed inclined to go to Boston and mingle with the immense crowd, rather than attend to trade. It is feared that the excitement will interfere with trade at Brighton, if so it will be necessary to hold up, as most certainly there is two weeks' supply, all cows and springers, and this is all the class of stock that should be shipped at this time.

I. C. LIBBY.

### Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 13.

APPLES—Eating, per bbl., $5.00; evaporated, 13@14c per lb.

BUTTER—12@14 for choice family; creamery, 20@21c.

BEANS—Pea, $2 30@2 40; Yellow Eyes, $3 35@3 50.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 10@10¼c; N. Y. Factory, 9½@10¼c.

FLOUR—Superfine, $4 25@4 50; Spring X and XX, $4 75@5 00; Michigan, Spring X and XX, $4 75@5 00; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 50@5 75.

FISH—Cod Shore, $4 75@5 00; bank, $4 00@4 25; Scaled herring per box, 14@18c.

GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 60@61; oats, 47@48; cotton seed, car lots, $35 75@36 00; cotton seed, bag lots, $27 00@28 00; sacked bran, car lots, $18 00@18 50; sacked bran, bag lots, $18 00@19 00; middlings, car lots, $18 00@20 00; middlings, bag lots, $19 00@21 00.

LARD—Per tierce, 6¾@7c per lb; per tub, 6@6½c; pails, 6½@6¾c.

PROVISIONS—Fowl, 17@18c; spring chickens, 25@26c; turkeys, 20@22; eggs, 22@24c; new potatoes, $3 80@3 75 per bbl.; extra beef, $8 00@8 25; pork backs, $13 50@14 00; clear, $13 00@13 25; hams,

## Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

### Farewell to Maple Knoll.

O, home of the wraiths that follow me,
Shall I drown thy ghost in the murmuring sea?
Shall I drink from thy rills of the potent spell,
That shall bid thee, Maple Knoll, farewell?
Rest when I came to thy haunted bowers,
And gathered thy dew-wreathed meadow flowers,
How fanned in each blossom, and cheered my son
With the hearts that loved me at Maple Knoll.

But time hides not in the ocean caves,
And many not dance upon new-made graves,
And the home that has echoed the funeral knell
Must gather the dust of its long farewell.
The watch is over, the farewell said,
I turn away from the voices dead,
Farewell! farewell! on thy graves I roll
The stone that has burdened my weary soul.

In other ways when the restful sea
Shall soften the redness of memory,
I shall think of the haunts where Nalda dwell,
With the sweet regret of a fond farewell.
Of the amber and wine that shall crown thy hills
Of the limpid flash of thy mossy rills,
And the long, white ribbons of mist that roll
And cling to the sandals of Maple Knoll.

And of Meadow Hill, where the fairies hide,
Where the spirits of beauty and joy abide,
Whose sometimes gaunt wides are bowers of shade,
And garner the berries that gem the glade.
Of wee brown hands, that vie with birds,
Of baby grasshoppers without words,
Whose sound is mute on the cottage stair,
And lay with the dews of Eden's hair.

And, dearest of all, she will come with me,
Down by the waves of the murmuring sea;
Her voice shall whisper, her azure eyes
Shall look from the windows of Paradise.
And every delicate, waxlde flower,
And dingy glow in the lonely hour,
Shall bring me the grace of her beautiful soul,
Who made thee a home to me, Maple Knoll.

And they, my friends at the cottage, white,
To whom the birds were first delight,
Who went sometime, where earthly pen
No more makes joy for the hearts of men.
I shall think of them, when pleading waves
Shall sink and swell, with their opening graves,
And sigh, "Alas, for the hearts that roll
Over the memories of Maple Knoll!"

There will be a spot, forever green,
For the patient face of Evangeline,
Who, waiting sat by the wailing sea
Nor shrank from the Boatman's mystery.
I shall, perhaps, be one or more,
Some line from Tennyson's priceless store,
And turn with a sigh from the dullard's dole,
To those gentle neighbors of Maple Knoll.

O, home of the wraiths that follow me,
I shall drown thee not, in the murmuring sea,
I shall drink from thy rills of the potent spell,
That shall carry me farther than my farewell.
And when I return to thy haunted bowers,
A sweetness shall cling to thy commonest flowers.
And breathe of a power that shall sometime roll
The stone from all graves of thee, Maple Knoll!

LUNA BELL.

*Maple Knoll, Augusta, July 1890.*

## Our Story Teller.

### HIS MOTHER'S DINNER.

Four girls sat around a pretty lunch table, on which was spread a very nice little meal. The room was tastefully furnished, and the dress of the hostess—the last thing in tea gowns—proved that she had an ample purse at her command. So, in fact, did the china, the silver, the damask upon the board.

The tea gown, the little cap, perched upon the lovely hair, all were strongly affectations of dress, as well as the wedding ring, and keeper upon her finger, were tokens that she had now been married a year. But as her guests studied her face, they became aware that it wore a worried, puckered look that they had never seen upon it in the days of her single blessedness, and being near relations and very intimate, they did not make polite pretense of not noticing it.

"You don't look well, my dear," said her cousin Persis, breaking the silence.

"You don't look comfortable, somehow," said sister Fannie. "I know that look of old."

"You look cross," said Fleda, plumply, taking another tea biscuit from the plate. "That is the long and short of it. I've known it all month, and so kind so sweet she has been, and I've learned all her recipes. The principle is easy—soak everything in fat, and eat everything before it."

"Yes," said Fleda. "Well?"

"And now he won't let me cook anything," said Penelope. He spoke of 'greasy messes' one day, and I—the mother does not dream of it. I wouldn't have her know for the world; but he has had enough of the good old-fashioned cooking he used to be-moan."

"I knew he would," said Fleda; that is why I proposed that you should ask her to come."

"Fleda!" cried Penelope, "I thought it was that I might learn to please him."

"Not a bit of it," replied Fleda.

"Fleda, you are very young to be so depraved," sighed Penelope.

"Ingrate! you ought to thank me," said Fleda. "You will never hear about his mother's cooking again."

And Penelope never did.

### A TURN OF THE KEY.

"Well! God-by, Madge, and take care of yourself; the gig is alongside, so I suppose I must be off; but I wish to goodness you had let me chuck the whole thing over when I came about it this morning; I hate leaving you all by yourself on Christmas eve. Well, at any rate, I shan't be late."

So spoke Bertie Hepburn, the owner of the pretty schooner as soon as she could come alongside, and heavily lurched out of the saloon, and up the companion, while a thump overhead a minute later told Mrs. Hepburn he preferred the cold and wet on deck to the comfort! The stillness seemed more remarkable, now Cheviot was gone, and she had not noticed before how chilly the cabin had grown; had the steward been on board she would have had the fire lighted, but as it was she set to work to turb the sailors; she could settle to nothing; the New Year's letters were not to be thought of; she ransacked the bookshelves, but she seemed to have read everything, and was not in the mood to re-read even Rider Hagard or Rhoda Broughton.

"Thank goodness" said she, "there goes four bells; there is no good sitting in this cold, gloomy cabin any longer. I shall be off to bed."

Her cabin was, indeed, a pretty nest for such a pretty bird; on its fluted hangings twined roses and forget-me-nots, while laughing cupids peeped from among the flowers; all was dainty and delicate, but somehow to-night it did not seem cheerful; the lamp was not burning so brightly as usual, and, once safe in her pretty berth, Madge could not see to read as she had intended.

She tries to sleep, but never felt more wide awake, and now six bells are struck, and she reflects with joy that in an hour at latest her husband will be back. All is wrapped in stillness. No sound falls on her ear but the "wash of the wave" on the yacht's side at her head, and the drip, drip, of the rain on deck. But stay! that surely is a louder sound than the water that ripples so close to her. It is too muffled to be oars; all the same, there is a distinct splash, and a sort of jar on the ship's side. Madge sits up to listen, and her sense of hearing seems to become preternaturally sharpened; she hears a footstep, soft as velvet, right overhead. That is not the way Bertie would come on board, let alone the party who, headed by the captain, had gone ashore.

Now she hears more footsteps, and then —what is it that is going on? there comes a low, deep growl from Cheviot, a growl that ends in an odd kind of gurgle, and a noise of something heavy falling.

Light steps seem to cross the deck and come down the companion, and through the keyhole in her door shines the faintest glimmer of light; in one moment she is out of her berth and at her door; alas! it has got no key, and those in the yacht, whoever they are, have got her at their mercy.

For a few moments the poor child feels utterly confused, and then all of a sudden her senses returned to her. She rolls herself in a long, dark boat-cloak that is hanging on a hook, puts out her light, and cautiously—for her life depends upon it—opens the door and looks out.

There is a little bit of passage between her and the main cabin, from which comes a dim light; a faint clash of metal can be heard, but neither voice nor sound.

The companion-ladder is between the two cabins and the passage is nearly pitch dark, while there is always the friendly shelter of one or two cabin doors.

Shall she wait in her cabin, perhaps to be caught as a rat in a trap, or shall she crawl along the passage, make a dash for the companion, and get on deck somehow to give the alarm to the sailors? She elects to attempt the latter.

Three steps and she is crouching at the foot of the stair, and she can see into the saloon. On the floor with his back to the door, one man kneels, and she sees him filling a large empty bag with all the yacht's silver. The door of Bertie's dressing room is open, and another beetle-browed and brawny Italian ruffian has his hands on a heap of sovereigns, a broken cash box being on the floor at his feet. A third man is in the main cabin. He is standing beside an open drawer, his head partly turned away from the door, but Madge feels he is the greatest danger of the three, and at any moment he may look round.

As she stands there her eye falls on the strong key that is in the lock of the main cabin door. She can almost touch it. If she did but reach it, could she lock them in before they could stop her? Above all, would the key turn? She knows nothing of locks locking powers, and it might easily be rusty. But Madge Hepburn is no coward, and the fighting blood of a wild border strain runs hotly in her veins. As she made up her mind, she acted.

Silently as a panther, she crept down and rolling over and over, would then jump up and spring over some object and whirl again and come back, and seemed perfectly delighted. It was a huge panther, and its antics were the queerest he had ever noticed. He suspected that it might be playing with the dead body of his son and could scarcely restrain from shooting, though he knew it was scarcely possible to kill the animal while it was moving about so frisktily. So he decided to wait a better opportunity. A moment later he saw what he at first supposed to be another animal, but behind the creek bank. He now felt certain that there were two of the animals and his son must surely be dead. Suddenly, however, the first of the animals that he had seen, sprang upon the end of a large hickory log that came down to within a few feet of the creek bed, and there it lay its full length, waging its tail as if in the very act of making a spring. Strange to say, scarcely had it jumped on the log ere the father saw the form of his own son step so close to the panther as seemingly to pay business to see they got it in the long run.

In some mysterious manner these sea robbers had discovered that the owner and a good many of the crew of the Cormorant had gone ashore, and they thought they would have it all their own way on board. The last thing that they looked for was that a mere girl should "up and bar the door" in their faces.

## Choice Miscellany.

For the Maine Farmer.

### Trust.

Life's sea is not always peaceful,
Sometimes it is clouds and rain by,
And as we gaze o'er the white foam,
For a calm haven we sigh.

We know not where the shoals may be,
Our largest sail is the gale,
We listen to the tempest's roar,
Strength and courage almost fail.

Almost! but never quite, dear Lord,
For oft Thou alone art nigh;
And we bow to Thee in prayer
When the tempest rages high.

Trusting in Jesus, the leading star,
Our largest sail is the gale,
And we shall reach that happy home,
To rest in peace by His side.

*Easton.* WILLARD N. JENKINS.

### Played with a Panther.

**Adventure of an Eight-year-old Boy Who Romped with a "Big Cat."**

I once listened with great pleasure to a story of an old pioneer's adventure with a panther, when he was but a small boy. It happened in Four Mile Creek, a town in county, Ohio, only a few miles distant from the mouth of Hocking River. A family by the name of Green had moved into the wilderness and built a log-cabin structure from a quarter to a half mile distant from the stream, and on quite an elevation of land. At that time the woods around them were full of deer, bears and panthers, and the latter were considered hideous by the near proximity of that terror, the timber wolf. The heads of the family were kept very busy during the day, and did not allow the absence of Bertie, the oldest child, a mere boy of eight years, and he sometimes wandered much farther from the house than was safe. So one morning, this boy (Owen was his name) wandered off as usual, down to Dutton's mill and down to the creek bottom. The mother, being quite busily employed about her washing, supposed that the boy had gone with the rest, but when she stopped, and hence she felt no uneasiness about his absence, believing that father and son would both come home together. But about noon the father came in, and began looking around and asking for the boy. The mother was astonished, and became perfectly wild with fear when told by the father that he had not seen anything of the boy since leaving home in the morning. Both parents now began to describe a circle of the premises, and called loudly for the boy, but received no answer, and the mother became almost distracted with grief.

The father returned to the house, procured his gun, and concluded to make a more extended search. It was nearly dark as he did so, and the woods were unusually thick and heavy with foliage, and Mr. Green crept along, silently noting every sound, looking for signs, and listening intently. After walking stealthily for perhaps fifteen minutes, he reached the banks of a small brook, and began following it down to where it emptied into Four Mile Creek. Occasionally he would come to a place where sand-bars or flat stones, and seemingly did not make even the slightest disturbance that could be noticeable. Just before reaching the mouth of the little brook, he thought he discovered signs indicating the direction which his boy had taken. Indeed, he grew very confident, and being an old hunter, and remarkable for his sagacity and keenness of sight, he could see that he covered her senses a free fight has taken place, and if the Italian gentlemen were a good deal knocked about by the English sailors, they deserved double as much as they got. Of the Vice-consul and the law business to see they got it in the long run.

It need not require millions of money to do this, although we see no objection to the possession of such improvement societies, as well as village improvement societies. The latter are, and in many places have been useful in beautifying our villages, by setting shade trees and improving sidewalks. Why not organize for the clearing up of picnic places on the banks of our lakes and ponds, and in making paths to our hilltops, and in clearing off the trees which chance to obstruct the view from these hilltops? One or two such societies well organized, in every town now visited by summer boarders, and many others would be attracted to it as it comes known, would much increase the attractiveness of such localities. Where there is too much indifference or jealousy for concerted action, much might be done by individual enterprise, or we have noticed that work of this kind is contagious; for, when any individual shows his enterprise by clearing up and grading his door yard, or by cutting and clearing away rocks and stones by the roadside, others soon follow the example. Many a brook that comes tumbling down our hillsides, and crossing our highways, might be made the receptacle of the original hardwood and hemlock forest, thus, "wasting its sweetness on the desert air" when all passers by, whether residents or visitors, might be cheered, treated, and refreshed by clear, cool water revealed by cutting out a few cords of wood, or thousands of timber. Much of this work could be done when cutting the trees for other purposes, especially, if done before the snow comes, in early winter, at which season the farmer feels more at leisure and more at liberty to bestow labor for permanent improvement and general beautifying. *Farmer Citizen.* So well as ourselves, enter into our labors when we do this, and the satisfaction of beautifying and adorning our homes, goes a long way toward compensating for the hurry and excitements attending such a life.

*N. H. Patriot.* WILL TELL.

### Moral Courage in Every Day Life.

Have the courage to discharge a debt when you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind, when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue, when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend with a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Have the courage to make a will and a just will.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle.

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"Let me illustrate the difference between capital and labor," said the rich uncle to the impecunious nephew. "Suppose I give you $100, and—" "That's capital!" replied the nephew, extending his hand for the money.

"Young man," exclaimed the moralist, pointing to the second hand on the clock as it marked the flight of the moments into eternity, "what is the language of that timepiece?" "Why, it says, 'Time's up,'" replied the idler, "it goes without saying."

"Johnny," said a Chenango street gentleman to his little boy recently, "you've got a little brother this morning." "Where did he come from, pa?" asked Johnny, indifferently. "From heaven, my son," answered his father. "Huh!" muttered Johnny; "that's where I'm doin' thum day. I'll have to 'peak to him 'bout it when I do attained the 'ing.'"

"Who wrote the Psalms?" asked the superintendent severely. And then a little girl in the infant class began to cry. "It wasn't me, sir," she said.

"After walking about a mile I heard a murmuring, rushing sound at my right, and headed for the water evidently in that direction. Presently I saw a good sized stream glimmering through the trees, the silver rippling water looking very cool, and I looked very puzzling until I reached the bank, when I saw that I had run across one of Florida's natural wonders, of which I had often read. The water was a stream of water flowing between low banks for a long distance, and suddenly pouring into the earth, and disappearing from sight a subterranean river.

"But I got over the water, which was clear and cold. So I stepped down the bank quite a distance above the cataract, and tried to unscrew the cover of my tank. The obstreperous piece of metal was stuck tight, and while I was wrestling with it, the crumble clay bank gave way, and I slipped into the water, still clinging to my water tank, which buoyed me up as a life preserver. I clung to it and kicked out for the shore. I had about 100 feet to drift, and although I could touch the bank at times, I could find nothing to grasp but the slippery, crumbling clay.

"Buoyed up by my life preserver, I swung round in a swirling eddy, and with one last cry for help, and a kind of dreamy wonder as how far down I would drop, my breath left me.

"After the first agonizing plunge down, it seemed to me hundreds of feet, my head shot out into the air for a moment, and I saw that the stream was running horizontally through the black, rayless cavern, on whose walls the spray was splashing. I caught my breath when my head struck the roof, and the current whirled me violently under again, and, in the mighty pressure of water, I came unconscious. When my senses returned, I was floating quietly on the surface of a body of water, my arms still held by the strap of my life preserver, which had indeed saved me, holding me up while I floated, unconscious.

"I paddled slowly to the nearest shore, and fell down in the sand and lay there quite wearied. In the moonlight I saw that the pool I had just left was circular, and about 100 yards in diameter, black and deep, but without a ripple. I lay down under a big pine tree to rest and wait for day-daylight, as I had entirely lost my bearings.

"The pool was evidently a sink hole, fed by the subterranean stream at which, probably, the underground outlet. I had been drawn into the river, and borne through the opening into the pool, and could have been in the water but a very few minutes, as the rosy flush in the western sky had not faded.

"The quantities of water which I had swallowed made me weak and sick, and I fell asleep, and woke up to find the sun just rising. I picked up my water tank, determined to take it back filled, and started in the direction I thought I had come. After two hours' tramping, I heard a gun fired right ahead of me, and in a few minutes more I emerged from the forest, all and attract his attention. He was nearly frantic at my mysterious disappearance, and thought that a panther had taken me in.

"I remained in camp on this bluff till June 15th, when the fishing season was about over. Then we cruised back into Kissimmee River without any more adventures, and rejoined our sharpie in Lake Jessup the first week in July."

### Wit, Humor and Pleasantries.

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Who died as an areonaut should,
A friend rather coarsely but pointedly said,
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### Floated on an Underground River.

The news train from South Florida recently brought to Jacksonville, Fla., says the *Times-Union*, two young men en route from the Kissimmee river to Portland, Me. Their names are James Dickinson and Roland Brown, and in response to inquiry as to their stay in the State they affably explained their mission and unfolded the narrative of their Florida experience. The story is best told in the graphic words of Mr. Brown, and his unassuming manner, and quiet earnestness were real marks of its veracity. Mr. Brown said: "Well, to start at the beginning, we are from a little Maine village on the coast, not far from Portland. Dickinson and I were both preparing for college in the same Portland academy, but last winter we saw that our funds were at a low ebb, and that, although we had worked our way through up to that time, we would have to stop awhile and pitch into something to be able to get back next year and finish up.

"We had read a good deal of Florida, and Florida hunting in particular, as gunning was our common hobby, and an article on gathering heron and egret plumes in some magazine put a new idea into our heads.

"My uncle is captain of a schooner in the ice trade between Maine and the South, and, as a young story short, we finally packed up our traps and went to Portland. My uncle loaned us a thirty-foot cabin sharpie, a very comfortable boat, well fitted for cruising in inland waters. With plenty of camping apparatus, and our boat on the deck of the schooner, we came from Portland to New York, where the vessel loaded with merchandise and sailed for Savannah.

"On arriving there we rigged up our yacht and sailed to Jacksonville by the inside passage. After laying here 10 days, on May 10 we sailed up the river and reached Sanford. There we found that to get any plumaged birds we would have to go much farther south, as the dry season had driven them to the marshes, and we passed through Lake Monroe and into Lake Jessup.

"Here we concluded to leave the big boat and take to our canoe. We used as a tender a 16-foot cruising canoe, light and roomy, in which we could carry our baggage for a month's stay. We stored our big boat and went by rail to Kissimmee. Here we fitted out the canoe, and, all sail up, one bright afternoon started down the lake, which commences near Kissimmee. We pushed out through the canals into Lake Kissimmee and down the river.

"We stretched a tent over the canoe nights, and got along very comfortably. Down this marshy, slow-flowing river we began to find the herons and egrets, and commenced our plume harvest. You see, the plumes are worth from $1 to 1.50 each, and this was what we were counting on.

"One morning, after camping on a little island, we started before daybreak to avoid the hot sun, and followed the west bank of the river. With a good breeze we sailed for several hours, the river getting very narrow and crooked, and we must have left the main stream without knowing it, in following the bank, and entered a large creek winding through the marsh.

"We anchored and cooked breakfast, and then pushed on under sail and paddle, as we could see large numbers of herons flying for the coast ahead to their feeding grounds. There was no dry land in sight, and we kept hoping to find a camping place. After twisting about the creek we finally ran right by the bluff, and about 5 o'clock we ran ashore, and made fast to a sandy beach and climbed to the top, where we found an ideal camping ground. I at once started in search of drinking water.

"After walking about a mile I heard a murmuring, rushing sound at my right, and headed for the water evidently in that direction. Presently I saw a good sized stream glimmering through the trees, the silver rippling water looking very cool, and I looked very puzzling until I reached the bank, when I saw that I had run across one of Florida's natural wonders, of which I had often read. The water was a stream of water flowing between low banks for a long distance, and suddenly pouring into the earth, and disappearing from sight a subterranean river.

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### Beautify the Beautiful.

In no way can man work so successfully, with good prospect of receiving a reward, as when being that labor in harmony and sympathy with nature and law.

To many it may seem too small a thing, that possibly the Infinite Mind had any idea of utilizing New Hampshire scenery as a means of drawing men Godward, or, that possibly he looked as far as the pleasure and gratification of his creatures in viewing it, made among these grand New Hampshire hills. And yet, however, the visits of men may differ in matters of this kind, the solid fact that the West can beat us in general crop production, and that many of the finest farms and richest soils are rejected from business centres, to be immediately utilized as market gardens or fruit farms, is apparent. There is no doubt that the coming of visitors and boarders, has already in a marked degree, added to the market for butter, lamb, eggs and dressed poultry, for the farmers living near summer resorts, that many of the small fruits and vegetables now ordered from Boston and Portland, might just as well be raised near where they are used. But there is a kind of work of which very little has yet been done that would, in the long run, greatly increase the number of visitors and boarders, and prolong the stay of those which do come, thus adding to our material wealth and prosperity. We speak of the study of the beautiful in nature, and the fitness of man that we can bestow labor intelligently in "beautifying the beautiful."

It need not require millions of money to do this, although we see no objection to the possession of such improvement societies, as well as village improvement societies. The latter are, and in many places have been useful in beautifying our villages, by setting shade trees and improving sidewalks. Why not organize for the clearing up of picnic places on the banks of our lakes and ponds, and in making paths to our hilltops, and in clearing off the trees which chance to obstruct the view from these hilltops? One or two such societies well organized, in every town now visited by summer boarders, and many others would be attracted to it as it comes known, would much increase the attractiveness of such localities. Where there is too much indifference or jealousy for concerted action, much might be done by individual enterprise, or we have noticed that work of this kind is contagious; for, when any individual shows his enterprise by clearing up and grading his door yard, or by cutting and clearing away rocks and stones by the roadside, others soon follow the example. Many a brook that comes tumbling down our hillsides, and crossing our highways, might be made the receptacle of the original hardwood and hemlock forest, thus, "wasting its sweetness on the desert air" when all passers by, whether residents or visitors, might be cheered, treated, and refreshed by clear, cool water revealed by cutting out a few cords of wood, or thousands of timber. Much of this work could be done when cutting the trees for other purposes, especially, if done before the snow comes, in early winter, at which season the farmer feels more at leisure and more at liberty to bestow labor for permanent improvement and general beautifying. *Farmer Citizen.* So well as ourselves, enter into our labors when we do this, and the satisfaction of beautifying and adorning our homes, goes a long way toward compensating for the hurry and excitements of living away from business centers, and mingling with the hurry and excitement attending such a life.

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## Curious Things.

### Braiding Machines.

**Some of the Marvelous Work Produced by Them.**

It is very curious to an outsider to watch the operations of a braiding machine. In one factory there are some ten different kinds of machines kept in operation. The most curious of all is a machine whose special domain is the so-called "appliqué" work. It performs three tasks at one and the same time, says the *Ladies' Wear Review*. When properly adjusted a tiny knife cuts out, according to the pretty design intended, the figures from the upper layer of cloth, while simultaneously the machine sews these figures on to the layer of cloth underneath—the upper layer being generally of medium thickness, while the lower one is cloth of the thickest, warmest and most expensive kind, such as is suitable for a lady's cloak.

The effect thus obtained—artistic arabesques, beautifully curving lines, forming an intricate yet pleasing pattern, lying on the cloth underneath, is very pretty indeed. Generally two cloths of shades differing so much as to form a fine contrast are chosen. The delicate mechanism of this machine is especially noticeable in the cutting out of the upper layer of cloth. For while the whole pressure of cutting it and sewing it on tight at the same time is done so quickly under the hands of a skilful operator that a yard of this "applique" work is made with in five minutes, the knife must be so nicely adjusted that it will cut exactly through the thickness of the upper cloth and not the hundredth part of an inch deeper. Another machine, which is likewise the product of a very ingenious brain, is the so-called "three spool" machine. Two threads of worsted and one thread of silk cording are manipulated by this machine in such a manner as to lay down the worsted on the cloth and to spin the silk tight over and all around it. The effect thus produced is that of very thick silk braid, the whole being more durable than silk throughout, yet much less expensive.

The beading machine, by means of which those most elegant ornaments on a woman's dress, those glistening arabesques of beading, are put on, is another triumph of mechanical genius. The cloth may be laid of the feather-edge machine, which does the so-called "sunbeam" and "rainbow" work, embroidering the shades, which are gradually toned down; or the cornelly machine, which does the cording, and still more so of the soutache machine, which does the simplest and yet one of the most effective styles of embroidery.

### Haunted by a Voice.

Genial Clerk McGarry of the Butler street Police Court, New York, was locking up his desk one afternoon, preparatory to quitting work for the day, when he heard a timid knock at the side door. Opening it he was confronted by a really handsome woman, to say of about 35 years of age. She was tall and dark and her eyes flashed with a peculiarly wild stare. In a frightened whisper she said; "Is this Mr. McGarry?" The clerk assured her that she was right in her surmise. "Are you entirely alone?" was the next question. "Yes," replied the clerk. "Then I will tell you my story, and, oh! Mr. McGarry, you must do something for me or I shall go crazy." She took the seat offered by the clerk and in well-chosen words told a long and strange story, the gist of which is contained in the following:

"I am haunted by a voice," she began, "by the voice of my former employer. It is seven years ago since I worked for Mr. De Lano on Fourth avenue, but there has not been a day since that time but his voice has talked to me. Talked about things to me which no one should say. Talked about family affairs which happened 20 years before I kept house for Mr. De Lano, and which I knew nothing of at all. I kneel down to pray and the same voice whispers to me that my prayers are useless and in vain.

"The voice never changes its tone, but is always cold and hard, and when I start up from my knees, frightened, it seems to laugh. I never see or feel any presence in the room, but the voice is real. Since I left Mr. De Lano, though I have not seen him the voice, I have not been able to get any work, for wherever I go the voice comes and whispers to me that all my efforts are useless, and before I have a couple of days in the place any time at all I am discharged, always on some silly pretext."

As the woman progressed in her story she grew excited, wept, moaned and cried. Between nearly every sentence she would exclaim: "Can't you do something for me, Mr. McGarry? Please say you can." The clerk ascertained that her name was Margaret O'Donnell and she gave her residence as 414 Warren street, with a Mrs. Rice. Mr. De Lano, she said, kept a spiritual school for young ladies.

### Hailstones.

Hailstones sometimes assume the form of lumps of ice—some even as large as hens' eggs, and weighing a pound and a half having been known to fall. The stories of masses of hailstones, weighing many pounds, having been found after storms, are explained by the fact that the hailstones, after they have fallen, may have frozen to one another and formed a solid lump on the ground.

Large hailstones are composed of alternate layers of clear crystalline and white porous ice, and many of them consist of an aggregate of smaller hailstones which have attached themselves to one stone as a nucleus, and then been coated with layers of received external coatings of ice. The compound structure of such stones becomes manifested when the mass gradually thaws. In some cases the hailstone is coated with crystals of ice in six-sided prisms and pyramids, as perfectly formed as the specimens of quartz or of calc spar crystals, which are to be seen in mineral collections. It is very rare that we find such beautifully formed crystals as these can be the product of any instantaneous process of formation.

It is these heavy hailstones, of a pound or a lump, weighing even as much as a formidable missile when it falls from a height of even a thousand feet. When these falls are about to take place, observers have reported that a peculiar whistling sound is heard in the atmosphere, evidently from collisions between these stones striking one another in their fall. A very careful observer has also averred that he has seen them fall in the Caucasus, near Tiflis, and that it occurred immediately after an ordinary hail shower, and that he could see the successive showers marching over the country, and the plume heads forming on the edge of the falling hail and the front edge of the falling ice blocks, there was a distinct break, through which he could see the sky and the clouds in the background.

When such a visitation of ice lumps takes place, the entire crops of the district affected by it are destroyed. Such a storm passed over England in August, 1879, and in five minutes some £10,000 worth of damage was done, principally to conservatories.

### The Influence of Color.

The influence of color upon the complexion and general tone of the toilet is very striking. Blondes should avoid the lighter shades of blue, which are apt to give an ashy hue to the complexion. The darker shades of blue may be worn more recklessly by the blonde than the brighter shades, because throwing out the complexion in high relief upon an accommodating background, and the darker and more trying hue shade the finer is the effect. Brunettes cannot wear blue becomingly, since this shade, when shadowed by a yellow skin, enters into a composition of green, and the unaimness of the complexion is increased. The florid brunette must avoid the wearing of blue. Green is a dangerous color for brunettes, but well adapted to the blonde. A pale brunette can effectively wear red—it heightens the color of the brune beauty. It is stated by a reliable authority that "crimson should be charily indulged in by the brunette, but crimson may be worn by the blonde with a daring which is highly becoming to the pale brunette, and especially by gaslight." Yellow grows paler and softer in artificial than in natural light; it enters into the olive shade in the form of gold, and is trying to the pale blonde. The cheek accentuated that her name is Ida Powell and she gave her residence as 414 Warren street, with a Mrs. Rice. Mr. De Lano, she said, kept a spiritual school for young ladies.

### Wonderful Twins.

There are two young artisans of Bristol, named Johnson, who are twins, and between whom the similarity is far more remarkable than in Shakespeare's two Dromios even. Not only are they of the same height and weight, having the same colored hair, eyes and complexion, identical physical measurements, and feeding, walking, running, laughing, crying, singing and speaking alike, but they are of the same occupation, hold the same position, and have the same religious persuasion and likes and dislikes. More singular still, they have expressed very nearly the same views, they have the same number of children, who are of the same sexes, three girls and three boys each.

The extent of the passion for stamp collecting is indicated by the presence of over a hundred members of the American Philatelic Association at its annual convention in New York, last week. People who have never been taken with the stamp collecting fad may be surprised to hear that there are several collections valued at $30,000 to $40,000 in this country, among them that owned by Mr. Van Derlip of Boston, and that a number of American stamps rule as high as $500, and a few at $1000 each, in the Philatelic market. The largest and most valuable collection in the world is said to be that of Philippe LeRenotere de Ferrary of Paris, worth from $300,000 to $400,000. For one stamp in his collection he is said to have refused $10,000, showing that when the fever takes hold of a man he is apt to have it hard.

## Young Folks' Column.

### The Tanner's Apprentice.

He is doing his best, that boy of sixteen, stretched out before a bright fire in the old tanning-shed. Reclining upon an old sheepskin, with book in hand, he is acquiring knowledge as truly as any student at his desk in some favored institution, with all the conveniences and facilities for learning. He is doing his best, too, this same boy, Claude, as he helps his master prepare the sheep and lamb-skins for dyeing, so that they can be made into leather. He is doing his best by obedience and by respectful conduct to his master in endeavoring to do his work well, although he often makes mistakes, as his work is not so well suited to his tastes as the study of Greek and Latin.

"See there, young rapscallion!" calls out Gaspard Beaurais, the tanner. "See how you're mixing up the wools!" For Claude's wits were "woolgathering," sure enough; but he was not sorting the wool aright.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the apprentice; "but I will fix them all right." And he quickly set to work to repair his mistake.

"He'll never make a tanner," said Gaspard to his wife, "and much I fear he'll never be able to earn his bread."

"Sure enough," replied his wife, "and yet he's good and obedient, and never gives back a word to all your scolding."

And in after years, when the aged couple received handsome presents from this distinguished author, who began their apprenticeship, they thought of those words.

One evening there came a stormy, boisterous wind, and the little stream in which the tanner was wont to wash his wool upon a rock was swollen to a torrent. To attempt to cross it by ford at such a time would render one liable to be carried down the stream and to be dashed to pieces on the rocks.

"We must get all the skins under cover," said Gaspard to his apprentice; "a storm is at hand."

The task was finished, and the tanner was about to return to his cot and Claude to his shed, when the boy exclaimed: "Surely, I heard a cry. Some one is trying to cross the ford."

And in an instant he darted toward the river, followed by his master, carrying the lantern. Some villagers were already there; and a strong rope was tied around the waist of the brave boy, who was about to plunge into the stream, when a man on horseback was seen coming down the river, both rider and horse much exhausted. Claude succeeded in grasping the rein; and the strong current bore them running with my colt, "Lady." How many of you have learned to rake hay? I have to; I think it is fun for I rake with "Lady." Mrs. Millay, you write charming stories, and I watch the *Farmer* every week for more of your writings. I am not much in the fancy work line, but I can make crazy work and knit lace. Do any of the readers know the words of an old song, "Will You Love Me When I'm Old?" If they do, I should be pleased to receive it through the *Farmer*. I will send a conundrum: When is a bed not a bedstead? My age is fifteen years. MABEL E. FELKER.

*Brooks.*

*Dear Cora Buzzell Millay:* I should like to have you see the rest of the young folks of the column, come to my home in Bel grade, and have a blackberry festival. Forpets my sister and I own a lamb; his name is Punch. I named him Jack because I liked Jack of the *Maine Farmer*. We own eight chickens; my sister owns a bird, his name is Dick. I have a bird, his name is Punch. My sister has 2 cats, I have one; the name is Muffet. My mother has 300 kinds of plants, and over to the strawberry festival, I will bring strawberries and cream and some candy. My sister will bring some nice apples and a bouquet of all kinds of flowers. We have 15 maple trees on the lawn. My sister's name is Edna Louisa Judkins. She is 12 years old, I am 10. SADIE B. JUDKINS.

*Lakeside.*

*Dear Boys and Girls:* I am a little girl 10 years old. I read the young folks' column every week, and I think that the editor is very kind to let the little girls and boys have a column in the *Farmer* every week, and I think the little folks ought to thank him for it. My name is Addie M. Whitten. I study arithmetic, fifth reader, spelling, geography and writing. As the other girls tell what they can do, I will. I will close by saying I have three sisters, and make be